National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 27. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,015.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A DISGRACEFUL APPEAL.

From The N. Y. Times.

SOME time last summer a paragraph was copied, from some of the English newspapers, stating that a Miss Johnstone had made her appearance in England for the purpose of collecting money to sustain Dr. Cheever's Church in the City of New York. As a general thing the statement was entirely discredited. It was not considered possible that any Church here should have authorized a begging agency in Great Britain on its own behalf.

We republish to-day, from the *British Standard*, a letter from Dr. Cheever himself to Mr. Spurgeon, which leaves no room for further doubt. In this letter Dr. Cheever represents his Church as a missionary establishment for the dissemination of abolitionism among the New York heathen, and as in danger of being immediately crushed and destroyed without pecuniary aid. He speaks of himself as an apostle of the only true faith—as "preaching just such sermons as are especially needed here at the present moment"—and as the only clergyman who "freely, fully and persistently" proclaims the Word of God on this subject in New York. He considers it almost a miracle that a "thorough abolition orthodox Church such as mine is" should have been sustained here so long, especially considering the terrible conflict which he has been compelled to maintain with "prejudice, fashion, wealth, power, anger, wrath and malice," but is quite satisfied that this miracle can be continued no longer without more money. And as the more wealthy portion of his own congregation have left him, and he can get no further assistance at home, he authorizes the appeal of Miss Johnstone to the Abolitionists of England for help.

What pecuniary response this appeal of mendicant Pharisaism may receive in the quarter to which it is addressed, remains to be seen. What judgment will be pronounced upon it by the people of this country, it is not at all difficult to conjecture. Dr. Cheever may be, as he represents himself, the only preacher in this city who dares to speak the truth on the subject of slavery; he may, of all the clergymen among us, be the one whose ministrations are so vastly important to mankind as to warrant a call upon England to sustain them by her gifts. But even if this were so, it would have been quite as modest and becoming for Dr. Cheever to permit somebody else to make the discovery and proclaim the fact. Coming from his own lips, it savors sadly of a most unbecoming egotism and self-conceit. Dr. Cheever seems quite unconscious of any other cause of the decay of his influence and the decline of his Church than the fidelity and ability with which he proclaims the truth. But there are other preachers who denounce slavery quite as zealously, if not with as much intemperance and malignant passion, as Dr. Cheever, who yet have not been compelled to send abroad for pecuniary support, nor would have stooped to that degrading alternative even if they had been compelled to remove to some more congenial field of labor. The secession from Dr. Cheever's Church which occurred two years ago was not the consequence of his anti-slavery opinions or sermons half so much as of the acrid, malignant, intolerant temper which he infuses into his public efforts, and which alienates the sympathies even of those who agree with him in sentiment.

But aside from the personal character of this appeal, the fact that abolitionism anywhere in America calls upon Great Britain for pecuniary aid may reasonably arouse the general indignation of the community. The less British Abolitionists have to do with slavery in the United States, the better for them and for us. It is our own concern, solely and exclusively. Its evils are ours, and upon us alone devolves the responsibility of removing them. Our own Abolitionists have done quite enough towards plunging the country into turmoil and strife, and rendering impracticable any wise and prudent measures of relief. It is going a step too far to call in foreign aid and solicit from abroad the means of sustaining a disastrous agitation upon this subject at home. It must be a proud reflection for Dr. Cheever and the "true-hearted Abolitionists" who listen to his discourses that they are indebted for the privilege to British alms, and that every denunciation of his own country which he utters is paid for with foreign gold. It is certainly not a little remarkable that any number of men in New York could be found willing to authorize such an appeal for foreign aid as this. They must evidently look upon New York as a pagan land, and upon themselves as genuine heathen, who can only receive Christian truth at the hands of missionaries supported from abroad. If the Church of the Puritans has fallen to this point of degradation, it is quite time it was suppressed. And if Dr. Cheever can find nobody in New York willing to pay for his preaching, he should either preach gratuitously or seek some field where his labors are more highly, if not more justly, appreciated.

☞ "Evangelical" cries for vengeance!—*Ed. Standard.*

OUGHT BROWN AND HIS AIDS TO BE PUT TO DEATH?

From The N. Y. Observer

THERE may be reasons of policy or expediency for commuting the sentence. But we see nothing in the nature of the crime, or the circumstances attending its commission, unless Brown was insane, to call for clemency in the case.

On the contrary, in the deed, the object, the long, cool, deliberate, malignant, murderous calculation and preparation with which it was planned, the bloodthirstiness with which they murdered the first negro who fell into their hands, the pertinacity with which they held out when their inhuman designs were baffled, the slaughter of unoffending citizens, and the avowed purpose to ravage the country and usurp the government, there is every element that goes to constitute the highest crime known to the laws of God and man. It is a moral wonder that any one, in his senses, who believes that a murderer ought to be put to death, should doubt that these murderers deserve to die. In every intelligent Christian mind there is a sense of right and wrong, that for a moment may be obscured by sympathy with suffering, so that it fails to utter itself correctly when it speaks, but the sober judgment of the Christian world responds to the sentence which God and man has pronounced upon the murderer: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

There are interests most awful to be contemplated, when we decide to extend sympathy and forgiveness to such crimes as this! Where is law, where is safety, where is virtue, where is the distinction between right and wrong, where the difference between reward and punishment, if we are to pardon these men? Is there any crime known to the laws, or any circumstances under which crime can be committed, or any antecedents or consequents of crime that would call for the extremest punishment, which are not preëminently present in this case?

Punishment in the government of God and man does not spring from a spirit of revenge. It is the fruit of love. Love demands that one who has made war upon society shall die. Philanthropy, the love of man, the love of the human race, the love of the greatest number requires that murderers be punished, as God, who is love, ordained. If we take the absurd ground that a man who murders his fellow-man to benefit others shall, instead of being punished, be honored as a hero, our own blood may to-morrow be required by a band of conspirators and assassins who believe the country will be benefited by our death. Regicide has been defended on this principle. But the same logic justifies every man in taking the law into his own hands, and slaying his neighbors whenever he thinks society will be benefited by losing a little blood. In our country the people are the sovereign: Brown undertook to kill the white people to set the blacks free; just as the assassins of Paris have, age after age, in the name of liberty, sought to slay the sovereign whose government they would overthrow. It is all wrong. And we tremble less in view of Brown's mad freak than we do in face of the fact that there is abroad in the land a sentiment that would shield him and others from the just consequences of their crimes. When those men embarked in this war upon the State, when they prepared guns for the white men and a thousand spears for the blacks to be used in barbarous slaughter, when they imbrued their hands in blood by taking the first victim (an honest colored man, who made no resistance, but was only seeking to escape from their hands) and murdering him in cold blood, when they refused to lay down their arms after being overpowered, and continued their murderous work, they threw away all claim to compassion and put themselves on the hazard of the revolution they had begun. If others can find any cause for pardoning such crime, we cannot.

From The Central (Richmond, Va.) Presbyterian.

We discover, with great regret, that some of the most conservative journals at the North, which have taken the true ground on other points, are now contending that Brown and his associates are proper subjects for executive clemency. They say that a great and chivalrous State like Virginia might forgive a poor old fanatic like Brown and his comrades, now that they have been defeated, tried and condemned. What does this mean? Here are a company of men who make a midnight assault upon unarmed and unoffending citizens; they seize upon the government arsenal; they place deadly weapons in the hands of the negroes and incite them to butcher their masters; they murder several persons; they are arrested, fairly tried, defended by counsel of their own choice, are convicted and condemned. Their guilt is not denied; nay, it is admitted to be complicated and aggravated; and yet, *conservative* journals appeal to executive clemency, and say let these men be pardoned! And why? Because their execution will excite abolition sympathy! And *this* is the logic of these whimperers. Here is a band of traitors, robbers and murderers; they have been convicted of their crime, they deserve to die—but pardon them; let them loose upon society again, for, it is argued, if the *majesty of law* is vindicated—if *justice* is administered—abolition sympathy may be augmented!

In this whole matter, nothing has been more discouraging to us, nothing has given us more pain than the fact that some of the very men at the North upon whom we relied, and to whom we looked as the instruments by which we trusted Providence would arrest and turn back the tide of fanaticism, in that quarter, by sternly upholding LAW, and its solemn sanctions, are now contending that undeserved clemency should usurp the throne, and wrest the sword from the hand of righteous judgment.

If the abolition element at the North is so powerful that conservative men seek to conciliate it at such a price, then indeed may the most Union-loving men at the South begin to despair as to the possibility of its preservation.

JOHN BROWN'S PARDON.

From The N. Y. Times.

THE pardon of Brown has been urged upon Gov. Wise by two classes of persons—Abolitionists, who desire it from sympathy with the man and his crime, and the Anti-Abolitionists, who desire to deprive that mischievous fraternity of the damaging stimulus of his martyrdom. It was scarcely to be expected that the interference of the first class would have any other result than to aggravate the panic and augment the general disorder of the Virginia mind. But it was hoped that the advice of the conservative portion of the Northern people, *based, as it was, exclusively upon friendly feeling for the South, and an earnest wish to allay the Anti-Slavery agitation*, already so perilously rife throughout the country, might be met in a corresponding spirit by the parties most directly concerned.

If the leading organs of Southern opinion are to be regarded as authority, every consideration of expediency in connection with this affair is deliberately cast aside. The Southern public has been thrown into a state of irrational and senseless alarm by this paltry invasion at Harper's Ferry, which it is very difficult to understand or conceive in the Northern States. And Gov. Wise and his partisans in Virginia seem determined to play upon this panic for the promotion of their political ends, and for his own elevation to the Presidency. It is to be used as the great engine for sweeping away all Southern toleration for moderate sentiments on the slavery question, for ending all thought of accepting Mr. Douglass as the Presidential candidate, and for rallying the excited political feeling of the South to the most ultra and extreme demands.

Since the South resents thus insanely the suggestions of Brown's pardon, we trust they will be discontinued. That he has fairly forfeited his life, no one doubts. We certainly have never uttered a word against the essential justice of his sentence: the only ground on which we have advocated commutation of his doom has been the great public good which seemed to us likely to result therefrom. If those whom it was likely to benefit reject the offer, we have not the slightest disposition to press it. Brown himself has no special desire to live, nor do we suppose his life would be of any special service to the world. His crime merits death, and he has personally no claim to mercy. But we can tell the South that Brown on the scaffold will do them more damage, and involve them in far more peril, than a hundred Browns at large in the Northern States.

IS ABOLITIONISM ALL THAT IS LEFT OF PURITANISM?

From The N. Y. Express.

No true American gentleman, be he Christian or otherwise, can but feel the greatest mortification at seeing the letter of Dr. Cheever addressed to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of England. To read that the professed ministers of the Prince of Princes cannot be content to preach simply "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" to their flocks, but must needs labor to instil in the popular mind a love of bloodshed and strife, and a hatred of one portion of their countrymen, is sufficiently humiliating; but when American churches and their respective pastors are held up to the people of England in the light they are represented in Dr. Cheever's letter, we feel that we may be angry that they are thus maligned and yet not be guilty of sin. We have too great a reverence for the purity and sincerity of the American churches and their pastors, and too exalted ideas of the Constitution and institutions of our country, to suffer this gross misrepresentation of our people, professors and non-professors of religion, to pass without rebuke.

We believe that our country is abundantly able to take care of its own affairs without the aid or direction of Dr. Cheever, or of such persons in Europe as he has thought proper, through misrepresentation, to appeal to and enlist in his unwarrantable and mistaken mission. We understand our obligations and duties under the Constitution too well, and are too determined to adhere to them, to submit to his dictation when he advises and counsels unfaithfulness to them, to render any foreign interference of effect in disposing us to repudiate them.

Dr. Cheever's letter is not only a libel upon the Christian ministers and churches of the United States, but upon our people and institutions. And as he has been deemed worthy of wearing the distinguished and, as it seems to us, sacred title of a Doctor of Divinity, we had a right to expect from him a different course of conduct, and one more indicative of a true Christian gentleman, than is manifest in his most extraordinary and uncalled-for letter to Mr. Spurgeon.

Dishonored as American churches may be in the estimation of Exeter Hall, we shall be content if this Cheever letter has the effect to open the eyes of our people at home to the nameless evils which are sure to follow the lead of such men as the pastor of the Church of the Puritans.

THE EXTENT OF TREASON AT THE NORTH.

From The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

THESE Harper's Ferry proceedings have developed a state of feeling in the North which we did not anticipate to the full extent to which it appears, and which it is well to guard against. Hatred of the South has, indeed, gone to lengths which it would be very unwise in the South to overlook. It is not worth while to tell us that this spirit exists only among a few Abolitionists. When the system is diseased, the body breaks out in sores. These Abolitionists are the sores. They demonstrate the unsoundness of the whole body. If it were not otherwise—if the body politic were not thoroughly diseased—they could not exist. Treason cannot be preached day after day, by such men as Beecher and Phillips, unless at least one-half the community in which it is preached sympathize with the preacher. And if one-half sympathize now, how many will sympathize next year, or ten years hence? We may judge by comparing the state of feeling now with the state of feeling twenty years ago. Beecher or Phillips would have been mobbed if they had preached such sermons, or delivered such lectures as they now preach and deliver, about twice a week, on an average, in Boston and New York. Besides, the Northern papers are continually telling us that they are the descendants of the Puritans, and they boast of it, in connection with this very outrage. Now, we all understand what the Puritans were, two hundred years ago. They were very good men in their way; but they had a great fancy for forcing the whole world to believe as they believed, and to be governed according to their mode of government. When, then, the descendants of these worthy old government-overthrowers continually refer, as apology for Brown and his men, to the sentiments which they inherit from them, and not obscurely hint at a return of the good old times,

"When pulpit drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,"

it is time for us who are less highly favored to look out. They may feel a call to cut us off as Amalikites, or Hittites, or Moabites, or some other people of bad morals and hard names; and as, how true so ever the indictment may be, it is hardly probable we shall plead guilty, it is well to be prepared for the worst.

Selections.

"WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE?"

From The Liberator.

THIS is the eager inquiry raised by the Virginia press, in regard to the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry. It is obvious enough who were the immediate actors therein; but who ought to be held responsible for instigating John Brown and his confederates to the work of putting an end to slavery in that State *vi et armis?* The flippant reply is, "The Black Republican party"—"Seward, Sumner, Hale, Giddings, Phillips, Garrison, Gerrit Smith," &c. &c.—all who believe and inculcate the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. These, it is alleged, by their opposition to the slave system, have made themselves not merely the accessories, but the real instigators of those "traitors and murderers," and ought to be dealt with accordingly! Now, we beg leave to suggest to the Virginia press the propriety of looking nearer home in regard to this matter. Below we give the official SEAL AND MOTTO OF VIRGINIA, which, it will be seen at a glance, furnish all the justification that Brown and his assistants need to adduce in the Court of Equity (according to her own ideas of righteous retribution), and which are palpably of a most "incendiary, treason able and murderous" nature, fully authorizing as they do the extermination of the whole body of slaveholders, and powerfully stimulating to the commission of that bloody deed! The Seal represents LIBERTY armed *cap-à pie*, with her foot upon the neck of the tyrant, having cut off his head with her sword, and exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"SO BE IT EVER TO TYRANTS!" Thus:

SEAL OF VIRGINIA.

Virginia, therefore, is to be held responsible for the Harper's Ferry tragedy! Pass it around! Let Gov. Wise be arrested forthwith!

From The Tribune.

WHO TAUGHT JOHN BROWN?—*The Herald* says it was Mr. Seward; Wendell Phillips, that it was the Abolitionists; but Virginia has a better right to the distinction than either. If any one doubts this, let him look at the seal of the Old Dominion. We have before us an impression of this seal countersigned by Henry A. Wise himself and by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, George W. Munford. Thousands of such impressions have been scattered through Virginia by Gov. Wise, to teach their lessons to slaveholders and slaves. What is the device? An insurgent slave, his liberty cap flaunting in the air, his left hand grasping a pike, his right hand brandishing a sword over the prostrate master whom he tramples under foot. What is the motto? "*Sic semper tyrannis*," which, freely translated, means "So perish every slaveholder," or, more freely, "Hurrah for John Brown!" though the popular Virginia translation is, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." The religious tone of this would suit the stern old Puritan of Harper's Ferry. His Massachusetts admirers who propose to erect a monument to his memory may perhaps find a model in the seal which Gov. Wise will affix to the warrant for his execution. That seal is the solemn official affirmation by a great State of the insurrectionary right of the enslaved; it is a deliberate, time-hallowed approval of John Brown's appeal to force in behalf of the oppressed. Henry A. Wise has John Brown in his power; the champion of the slaveholding class will put to death the champion of the slave. So he said to the veteran who lay upon the stone floor, his blood flowing from many wounds. But we protest, in the name of truth and honesty, against the Governor's affixing the insurrectionary seal of Virginia to the official order for the execution of an insurgent. Let us have no hypocrisy. Virginia has reached a crisis in her history. She should go where she belongs—among the oppressors of the human race—and have the honesty to admit her position. She should break her present seal and adopt another more true to fact. The new one should represent in the fore-ground a slave-driver, whipping his drove to the field; in the back-ground, Gov. Wise hanging John Brown; and the motto should be "Death to all champions of equal liberty." This is really what the Governor holds to. Has he the manliness to act out his principles? Or will he continue scattering broadcast his insurrectionary imprints and hanging those who believe their bloody lessons?

LETTER FROM DR. CHEEVER TO THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

From The British (London) Standard, Oct. 7, 1859.

DR. CHEEVER, as many of our readers are aware, is one of the most able and self-sacrificing friends of the slave in the New World. It was scarcely possible for a minister of the Gospel in the Empire City to pursue a course so straightforward, and to make war with so strong a hand against the slaveholder, without exposing himself on every side to hostile influences. The wonder, therefore, is, not that Dr. Cheever suffered so much, but that he has maintained his ground so successfully. It stands to reason, however, that the first to take offence, and the most forward to resent fidelity, are the opulent portion of a congregation, many of whom, in a variety of ways, may be more or less identified with or related to the slavocracy. The following letter from his own eloquent pen, addressed to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and by that gentleman handed to us for publication, will speak for itself:

No. 21 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK,
Sept. 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: On my return to the city, I find letters from England, making inquiries with regard to Miss Johnstone, a member of my church, now endeavoring to procure some aid for us in the conflict in which we are engaged against Slavery and the Slave Power in this country. A number of individuals have been suggested as important to be addressed and put in possession of the facts in regard to the appeal; but, as I am compelled immediately to leave the city again for a little season, and am overwhelmed with engagements, it is quite impossible to meet these suggestions. I have therefore taken the liberty of sending you a copy in part of a letter written to a person in England, in reply to inquiries on this subject. I do this in order that, whether any material aid through Miss Johnstone's effort on our behalf should have been gained or not, it may be seen and known that her appeal is authentic, and that some of the grounds may be made manifest on which such an effort has become necessary. In answer to an individual making inquiries from England, I have written as follows: Your inquiries as to Miss Johnstone's effort, and the necessity of it, are natural and just. We did not anticipate nor intend the publicity given to her mission, if it can be so called, but supposed she would, in a quiet and private way, present our cause, she herself possessing the greatest possible confidence of success. From the very urgency of the case and the greatness of our danger, being not only surrounded by enemies without, but beset by foes within, we could not ourselves take any church action concerning that appeal; but a few of us, *convinced that we must have aid from some quarter or be conquered consented that Miss Johnstone should make what effort she could in Great Britain, and gave her our authentication.* At the same time, we made every effort for aid from friends here outside our own church, and, by God's blessing, met with such success that we were carried safely through the financial year, and entered on the necessary arrangements for another. By the entire dismissal of the disaffected party in our church, we are now stronger in the spirit and strength of harmony and unity, but much weakened in pecuniary ability, so that the same appeal for aid must be renewed, and efficient aid must be given, in order that we may be enabled to maintain this citadel of Christ's free Gospel amidst such continued and strenuous efforts for our defeat. I assure you that we do greatly need whatever aid we can get. If it please God to keep us, we shall be kept, and He will provide the way, whether through friends here or abroad. But the conflict is terrible, and the pressure of prejudice, fashion, wealth, power, anger, wrath and malice against us, with the weight of all the Christian conservatism of the country denouncing our course and slandering us as Robespierres and fanatics, render it next to impossible for us to increase in numbers or ability, for men will not join us, except it be here and there a true-hearted Abolitionist whom God sends. God has stirred up some such, and brought them from other churches to ours, and this one thing has been our preservation, for without such aid we must have gone down. But at present no new friends come to our support, while yet the battle waxes hotter and more desperate; and, what is exceedingly depressing and discouraging, the moment we begin to be in arrears financially, the timid and half-hearted ones among us, perhaps fearful lest the whole burden may fall upon them, begin to declare that we must give up all idea of sustaining ourselves; that it is useless to attempt doing this any longer; that it is manifest that preaching against the sin of slavery is so horribly unpopular that if any man or church undertake it, they cannot be supported, but must fail; that we had better give up when we can do so with some dignity, and not be starved out. This cowardice, and the croakings that grow out of it, are most injurious to our cause. We can depend only on a very few. Meantime *there is greater need than ever of just such sermons against slavery as I have been preaching*, only a thousand times more able and energetic; and to give up my pulpit now would be disastrous in the extreme to the cause of Christian abolitionism. It would put an end to any freedom of the pulpit and of God's Word against the gigantic sin; but our expenses are so heavy in consequence of fifteen hundred dollars' ground rent, in addition to all the ordinary charges of a prominent church in the city, that we cannot ourselves meet them; and my course in proclaiming God's Word so freely and fully against slavery and slaveholding as the sin of man-stealing, set by God in the same catalogue with murder, is so unpopular, arrays all the Christian expediency of all the churches against us with so much bitterness, that it would be quite impossible to make any appeal for aid with any hope of success, even to the churches of our own denomination. Too many of them heartily desire our downfall, and, I suppose, expect year after year to see it. That we have been sustained as we have is a wonder, and *to maintain the miracle*, if it please God to maintain it, *we must still have pecuniary aid.* My church will keep united, and will rally round me in defence of my preaching against slavery only while the few who do not intend to relinquish the struggle are enabled to provide the ways and means of meeting our deficiencies. While we can do that, we can with a tolerable degree of confidence rely on a good majority in our favor, and can keep the church; but the moment we are swamped in money matters, that moment we are overthrown. While God gives me grace, health and strength, and continues the opportunity, I mean to reiterate my efforts with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. I am endeavoring to reach the conscience of the churches and the ministry in regard to this sin, and to rouse up both to united action against it. If it please God that His Word shall once be freely and generally proclaimed against it, it cannot stand. If He add His Spirit, and really set His Church on fire against the iniquity of making merchandise of men, then we shall see a greater moral and spiritual triumph than the world has ever witnessed since the first age of the Gospel. The manifest abolition of this gigantic and infernal wickedness by the Word and Spirit of God, even after it had been enthroned as the supreme law and policy of our nation, the dictate of our justice, the fruit of our religion, would be so glorious a conquest, so full of praise to God and of shame to wicked men and unbelievers and scoffers, that it is to be infinitely desired and ceaselessly labored after. And, though sometimes we are almost in despair, yet, when we remember that the Word of God has really not yet been tried in the conflict, but excluded from it, muzzled, suffocated, buried in silence, or perverted into sanction of the sin, so that its omnipotence is a power yet in reserve, we cannot but hope that God intends this mighty and glorious demonstration, and that, when we are driven more despairingly to Him, and it is perfectly manifest that neither politics, nor statistics, nor theories of free soil, nor free labor, even the profit of freedom, nor any political party, nor any demonstrations of science or philanthropy, can save us, then He will set some souls on fire, and let loose the thunderings and lightnings of His Word, as in the first great Reformation, with such overwhelming majesty that nothing can stand against it. I am a very poor hand to make a beginning, a poor, miserable vessel for such fire, and yet I am constrained into it, and cannot draw back; and as there must be a beginning in some quarter, or there can be no conflagration or cannonading at all, it may as well begin in our church and my ministry as anywhere else, if God pleases. And it is a solemn fact that *almost nowhere else is the Word of God proclaimed freely, fully, persistently, on the Sabbath, against this sin.* A paragraph is sometimes let off, or a sermon on a fast-day; and, if this is not followed by disturbance and wrath henceforward, on the score of that solitary demonstration, the minister and the church profess to be sufficiently anti-slavery, and unite in opposing any church or minister that will go much further; there is no purpose whatever for the abolition of the sin. Indeed the very men who boast of being anti-slavery are opposed to abolitionism, and denounce the Abolitionists. So that really in some respects things are in about as bad a state as they can be, and in many quarters the most diabolical pro-slavery spirit is conjoined with the highest profession of piety and orthodoxy. It is a perfectly wonderful thing that *a real, thorough abolition orthodox church, such as mine to a good degree is*, can have been trained and supported so long in the heart of a city such as New York, so large a portion both of the ecclesiastical and mercantile community being in league with slaveholders for the protection of their sin. Meantime, we get no aid from visitors who come to us from abroad, from your own country or elsewhere, for they are always persuaded into a most politic silence, and, having generally some object to accomplish, they desire to keep on the best terms with all parties, and, on the whole, generally are persuaded into the impression that the Abolitionists are a very injudicious and fanatical set of men, and that the sin of slavery has more to be said in apology on its behalf than Abolitionists are willing to admit. They cannot think that so many good men as they meet with in connection with this sin are wholly mistaken or wholly guilty in sanctioning it for a time in some degree. Thus their influence is with the Slave Power, not against it, and they themselves, especially after travelling South, lose their horror of the cruelty and the crime, and begin to think that there is no cruelty and little guilt inhering in it, but that the great guilt lies in the course of these radical men, who do not cease, on the authority of God, to proclaim slavery and slaveholding as sin, and only sin, continually. I wish, with all my heart, that I could come to England, but it is not possible just now. I cannot leave my post, if God gives me strength and the possibility to continue in it. The people of England have very little idea of the terrible extent to which the sanction of slavery and opposition against all agitation about it as a sin have got possession of the churches, so that the revivals of religion and the revival of the slave trade may go together without any quarrel. Or, if there be any outcry against the foreign slave trade, there is an equally earnest outcry, and much more bitter, against all those who denounced the domestic slave trade and American slavery. Of a truth, we are in a dreadful state, and I do not see any avoiding of the wrath of God or any escape from ruin except by His Word and Spirit—His Word proclaimed against the reigning guilt, and His Spirit in accompanying the proclamation. Pardon this long letter; be assured that, *whatever aid you may be able to gain for us, or whatever help you can extend to Miss Johnstone in getting aid, is truly and greatly needed, and will be most thankfully received.*

* * * * * * *

I am about publishing a new work on the guilt of slavery and the crime of slaveholding demonstrated by the Old and New Testament Scripture; and such is the unpopularity of the subject that my publishers will not issue it, and I am obliged to publish by subscription on my own responsibility. With the highest respect, yours, most truly, GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

GERRIT SMITH NEVER A SLAVEHOLDER.

HENRY FITZHUGH, of Oswego, has taken the trouble to refute the foolish charge that Gerrit Smith was a slaveholder through his marriage to his present wife, Miss Nancy Fitzhugh, of Maryland. Mr. F. says:

"Neither Mrs. Birney nor Mrs. Smith [they were sisters] inherited slaves. The slaves left in Maryland by my father, when he removed to this State, remained in possession of my brother, the late Wm. H. Fitzhugh, of Hagerstown. After my father's death, these slaves were set free by the joint contribution of their then owners, Wm. H. Fitzhugh, before mentioned, Dr. D. H. Fitzhugh of Mount Morris, Livingston County, and my sisters, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Tallman. When Mrs. Smith was a child, a servant girl was given to her by a friend of the family. This girl was taken by one of my brothers to Kentucky, and afterward, with her husband (Sam Russell) and their children, came into possession of Mr. Worthington, of Mississippi, from whom they were purchased by Gerrit Smith, set free, and brought to this State, at an expense of some $4,000. Gerrit Smith never sold a slave or bought one except to set him free. James G. Birney was at one time a slaveholder, whether by inheritance or purchase, or both, I know not. When he became an Abolitionist he emancipated his slaves."

JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

TRIAL OF JOHN E. COOK.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 8, 1859.

THE trial of Cook, as far as it has proceeded, has been very sharply contested. The extreme hatred which the people of Jefferson County bear this prisoner, far exceeding that felt for any of the rest, and the magnitude of the preparations for the defence, have combined to excite an unusual interest in the progress of his case. Cook acts under the guidance of five counsel—two, Messrs. Botts and Green, belonging to Charlestown, and three to Indiana, including Governor Willard. The defence has certainly been conducted with a briskness equalling that of Mr. Sennot in the cases of Copeland and Green; and the prosecution has likewise exerted its best powers against the concentrated force brought to bear upon it. The debates to-day have been very keen, and sometimes very severe.

Neither the acuteness of Cook's counsel, nor the blunders of Harding, the unfortunate inebriate who trammels Mr. Hunter in the business of the prosecution, helped the defence in any perceptible degree. Points were raised with unceasing rapidity, were closely discussed, often with some signs of acrimony, and were swept aside, according to custom, by the Court. This continued throughout the morning. The "points" of the defence were like Hydra heads. No sooner was one disposed of than half-a-dozen others took its place. But all these availed nothing, and, as the afternoon advanced, the trial went more smoothly on its way. The spectators had begun to withdraw, expecting no continuance of the interest, when, suddenly, all attention was arrested by Mr. Hunter's announcement that he had a confession rendered by Cook, which he was about to read. The intelligence spread about, and the court-room soon was speedily crowded again. All hoped for a complete and satisfactory revelation, which should elucidate the entire operations of Brown, from beginning to end, and which should bring evidence of the complicity of those Northern gentlemen whom the people of Virginia are so eager to get within their grasp—but all were disappointed.

For the confession, which occupied some twenty large pages of manuscript, and was not read in less than half an hour, was very little beside a record of some of Cook's experiences in Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Canada, and elsewhere, in which, to be sure, Brown was concerned all through, but which, excepting the latter portions, bore very remotely upon the Harper's Ferry question. The few important points I have sent you by telegraph. The document itself is withheld from the public eye, in order that it may be issued in copy-righted pamphlet form for the benefit of the man Young, who was wounded in the conflict at the Ferry, and who now is left destitute. It is quite a Virginia notion, this turning of a public paper to private uses. But beyond the interest that attaches to an ostensible full avowal from one of Brown's party, this confession has none. It is thought by the court that Cook has played a double game in preparing it—that he has pretended to reveal to the authorities, in good faith, all that he is able to, and at the same time attempted to preserve his fidelity to his old master.

This confession will serve no particular end. Unless an understanding exist to the contrary between Gov. Willard and Gov. Wise—which is suspected by many—Cook will as surely be hung as all the rest.

CHARESTOWN, Va. Nov. 10, 1859.

Yesterday the trial of Cook was continued. He was defended by his five lawyers, Gov. Willard, Attorney-General McDonald, District-Attorney Voorhies, and Messrs. Botts and Green, just one lawyer for each count in the indictment. This party of gentlemen have been moving heaven and earth for the last five days to get up a feeling in favor of Cook. The whole forenoon was consumed in the examination of witnesses, and in raising the same points which had been already taken in the preceding cases. In the afternoon the Prosecuting Attorney, Harding, poured out a stream of his peculiar eloquence for two mortal hours, such as probably was never heard in a court-room before, except in Old Virginia.

The Judge, who is one of the most patient of men, improved the opportunity to read his newspaper and examine his order-book. The lawyers collected their authorities and arranged their points, and Mr. Harding, having exhausted his tobacco-box, and levied upon the plugs of all his neighbors, wound up by saying, "*fiat justitia ruat cælum*"—and then rushed out of the court, without waiting to see the effect of his remarks.

Without taking the least notice of him, District-Attorney Voorhies arose and addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, in a speech of great power, almost a mitting the guilt of Cook, but throwing the blame on the Republican party and the Abolitionists, and beseeching mercy, or at least a recommendation to mercy. Mr. Andrew Hunter followed for the prosecution, with his usual directness, force and success, for, after being out about an hour, the jury returned a verdict such as had been returned against the two negroes, namely, not guilty of treason, but guilty of the remaining counts—for conspiracy with slaves to rebel and murder. Cook received the verdict without any exhibition of emotion.

The arrangement undoubtedly was to get rid of the count for treason, which Gov. Wise could not overset, and to take a conviction for conspiracy and murder, which it is thought he can and will pardon. To this end the prosecution allowed the witnesses called in Cook's favor to testify with great latitude, and even admitted an article from the N. Y. *Times* to be read in evidence, showing the romance of Cook's nature, and how easily he was led away. Harding, who was at least able to see that something was wrong, and who was not in the secret, objected to the reception of such testimony at the top of his voice, but, while stopping to pick up a large and valuable deposit of tobacco which had unfortunately dropped out of his mouth, he was interrupted by Mr. Botts, who proceeded at a wave of Mr. Hunter's hand, and got the start of poor Harding. No management or eloquence, however, could induce the jury to do anything but what they had already decided upon; and so Cook stands convicted in the same manner as all the others, with an additional count in his indictment which the others had not.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 10, 1859—Evening.

SENTENCES OF COPPIE, COOK, GREEN AND COPELAND.

The court did not meet very early this morning. Judge Parker having, do doubt, been occupied in examining exceptions and motions in arrest. At about 11 o'clock the ball began to fill; and by the time the prisoners were ready to receive sentence, it was crowded to the full extent of its capacity. The prisoners having been severally asked if they had anything to say, previous to listening to their sentence of death, Coppie rose and spoke thus:

"The charges that have been made against me are not true. I never committed any treason against the State of Virginia. I never made war upon it. I never conspired with anybody to induce your slaves to rebel, and I never even exchanged a word with one of your servants. What I came here for I always told you. It was to run off slaves into a free State and liberate them there. This is an offence against your laws, I admit, but I never committed murder. When I escaped to the engine-house, and found the Captain and his prisoners surrounded there, I saw no way of deliverance but by fighting a little. If anybody was killed on that occasion, it was in a fair fight. I have, as I said, committed an offence against your laws, but the punishment for that offence would be very different from what you are going to inflict on me now. I have no more to say."

It will readily be seen that this statement coincides exactly with, and substantiates, the account which I sent you a few days ago, from Brown's own lips, of his real intention in this expedition. The next two prisoners, the negro and mulatto, Green and Copeland, when called upon, said nothing. When Cook's turn came, he delivered, in a hesitating, nervous manner, a speech, which had probably been carefully prepared. He said, in substance, that he had not come to commit treason or murder, but merely in pursuance of orders from his commander-in-chief, with a design to liberate slaves. As to the sword and pistols of George Washington, taken from Lewis Washington's house, he said they were seized by order of Brown, not for purposes of robbery, but for the sake of the moral effect that their possession might afford in case of a war of liberation. At the conclusion of his not very effective speech, Judge Parker pronounced sentence of death, in a manner showing genuine sincerity of emotion and pity—feelings which did not seem to be shared by his hearers. These were the Judge's words:

"Your trials, on which we have been so long employed, have at length ended, and all that remains to be done to complete these judicial proceedings is to pronounce and record the judgments which by law must follow upon the crimes for which you have been tried and of which you have been found guilty. These crimes have all grown out of a mad inroad upon this State, made with the predetermined purpose to raise in our midst the standard of a servile insurrection, in the execution of this purpose, in the darkness of a Sabbath night, you seized upon a portion of our territory; captured several of our best citizens, holding them as hostages of war until your party was itself overcome by force; armed such of our slaves as you could seize upon with deadly weapons, which they were to use against their owners, whom you denounced to them as their oppressors; and, in your efforts to push your bold and unholy scheme through to a successful issue, you have taken human life in no fewer than five instances. The evidence most abundantly proved that all these things had been done, and by the force of that evidence jury after jury has felt itself compelled to bring in its verdict of guilty against each one of you. Happily for the peace of our whole land, you obtained no support from that quarter whence you so confidently expected it. Not a slave united himself to your party, but, so soon as he could get without the range of your rifles, or as night gave him an opportunity, made his escape from men who had come to give him freedom, and hurried to place himself once more beneath the care and protection of his owners. When we reflect upon all the mischief and ruin, the dark and fearful crimes which must have attended even your partial success, men everywhere should be thankful that you were so soon and so easily overpowered. For these offences the law demands the penalty of death, and imposes on me the duty of pronouncing that sentence. It is the most painful duty I have ever been called on to perform. In spite of your offences against our laws, I cannot but feel deeply for you

off his to me; and he says to me, "How do you do?" and I say, "Very well, President."

Virginian—Do you know Brown?

Stranger—Why, darn it, didn't I tell you I know nothing of Brown or Wise either?

Virginian—Well, I must know your business; what is it?

Stranger—Do you want to know?

Virginian—Yes.

Stranger (putting his hand into a capacious pocket and pulling out a half-pint bottle of medicine)—Well, this is my business: to get fifty cents for this bottle of medicine, which cures cramp, scalds, bruises, rheumatism, mumps, measles, affections in the jaw, and other complaints too numerous to tote up, I reckon.

Here a former purchaser of the medicine bore testimony to the genuineness of the article, upon which the catechumen launched forth upon its various merits. This, however, did not save him from visiting the interior of the jail, where he was detained a short time, and ordered to clear out upon his parole. The next morning the stranger obeyed the injunction.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE CLOSED.

The people of Charlestown had never had a telegraphic office located in their midst, and had never heard the short "click, click" of the instrument disturb the monotony of the dull neighborhood, until the John Brown affair occurred to bring their town into notice. Then the metropolitan press, with its usual enterprise, had telegraph lines exterded there from Harper's Ferry, and an operator sent on there to open an office. Charlestown was thus brought into instantaneous communication with New York—an epoch in the uneventful history of the capital of Jefferson County. But as soon as Old Brown's trial was concluded, and the sentence of death passed upon him, there seemed to be no longer any necessity for the telegraph, and so the operator unhitched his instrument, packed it up, did the same with his carpet bag, closed up the office, betook himself to the railroad station, and departed, leaving to the people of Charlestown naught but the memory of the past but fleeting importance of their village.

THE COURT-HOUSE.

The roof is surmounted by a wooden column cupola, in which is suspended a bell, which, morn and noon, summons judge and jury, lawyers and litigants from the Carter House Hotel, on the other side of the street. No sooner was its first stroke heard than the next moment was also heard the roll of the drum, which called to arms the guard appointed for the day to escort Old Brown to the court-room. This duty was performed with a display of military caution and responsibility highly effective, but at the same time highly amusing to outsiders. Some thirty or forty men, worthy of Falstaff himself, were drawn up at the jail steps in close line. At the word of command the line, in double files, extends itself to the entrance of the court-house. The rear rank then came to the right about in open order, when both fronts brought their pieces—loaded, capped and cocked—to the charge, and between these lines limped the wounded prisoner, supported by two jailers. Brown lost his hat at Harper's Ferry, and, as no one replaced it, he always appeared bareheaded.

Correspondence of The Independent.

CAPT. BROWN'S FATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5, 1859.

It is well understood here that Gov. Wise personally desires to pardon John Brown. He was deeply impressed, while at Harper's Ferry, with the old man's nobility of character. Such courage, endurance, and Christian integrity he never stumbled upon before, and it doubtless goes against the grain with him to allow one of the purest men he ever saw to perish upon the scaffold. The Governor, withal, is exceedingly ambitious, and desires to grace the Presidential chair. He knows quite as well as *The Herald* and *The Journal of Commerce* can tell him that an act of pardon on his part would give him great popularity with the Northern Democracy—a popularity which would cover up the odium excited by the Governor's famous "B. Donnelly letter." Here, then, are desire and interest in combination—and why will John Brown expiate his offence upon the gallows?

Simply because Gov. Wise, fearless and independent as he claims to be, *is afraid of the Slave Power!* For the very reason that twenty-two men struck terror into a million of breasts, Gov. Wise cowers and shrinks from doing that which he would do. Slavery engenders the cowardice. The slaveholders of Virginia and of the South demand that John Brown and his fellow-conspirators should be hung. No matter if that act will hurt the "Democratic cause" in the free States—they demand a terrible example, that no more John Browns may cross the line to raise on high the flag of freedom. They feel their weakness, and demand protection, no matter what the political consequences may be.

John Brown, notwithstanding his madness, has taught a great truth to the people of the slaveholding States. Men here open their eyes in astonishment at his character and conduct. They had not believed in the reality of the anti-slavery idea before. Now they see a man ready to die for it—a brave, noble, yet gentle old man giving up his sons, walking up the steps of the scaffold himself, for the sake of the slave—and they no longer doubt the genuineness of the anti-slavery sentiment. They perceive that it is bound up in the hearts of men and women, and that it can never die.

So, after all, poor John Brown, who was as reckless as he was noble, will not die in vain. However it may be on free soil—I speak from what I see and hear—his sacrifice upon the gallows will create here and in the border slave States a hundred opponents to slavery where before there was one, and it will hasten the final destruction of the gigantic system of wrong.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WHAT IS THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH?

I think you will be able to understand it when I tell you of the manner in which a lady, to whom I have before referred, once or twice, has been received in this half civilized town. She came with no purpose beside that of imparting that comfort and sympathy which a woman can best give, to the prisoner Brown. Her visit was induced by a belief that Mrs. L. M. Child would be in Charlestown before she could arrive, and that she would be able in many ways to assist that lady in whatever duties might have been confided to her. But Mrs. Child did not come at all, in consequence, probably, of Brown's unwillingness to receive visitors from the North, who are sure to be looked upon with excessive suspicion, so this lady found herself alone. For two days she was subjected to rudeness which I could not have supposed it possible for any decent community to inflict. The community of Charlestown, Virginia, however, is not decent. Her coming was the signal for renewed flashes of indignation on the part of the street strollers. An editor of one of the weekly prints urged the organization of a committee to warn her and all her party away, with threats of lynching, in case hesitation should be shown. When, quietly, very quietly, triumphing over all difficulties, she gained access to the prison, there was talk of a mob, and I am confident that she herself was unaware of the dangerous position she was in. *The Independent Democrat* made its weekly appearance, and wreaked its little wrath in two articles, thus:

"A woman by the name of Mrs. R. B. Spring, accompanied by her son, hailing from Eagleswood, N. J., arrived here on Saturday last, and requested the privilege of being allowed to act the nurse to Brown and his confederates in prison. The request was very properly denied by the Sheriff, he being of the opinion that the health of Brown & Co. was sufficiently cared for at the present, for all *practical* purposes. We are sorry, very, very, that the kind intentions and the self-sacrificing devotion of Mrs. Spring has been so unceremoniously frustrated by a cruel denial, but we hope she will be able to survive the disappointment, and that no damage by 'land or sea' will overtake her, but that she will return safely to her home, entirely convinced that Brown & Co. are safe in the hands of the Sheriff, and all the comforts and conveniences extended to them which the nature of the case, and the fatality attending their diseases, will permit.

"In justice to ourselves, all Yankees, of either sex, who cannot show a clear record, should be at once driven from our midst. Will we suffer ourselves to be insulted by their insolent presence? Our conscious security from the further machinations of these pusillanimous wretches, both male and female, should not induce us to tolerate their presence for a moment. For ourselves, we would rather meet a band of Comanches at any time, and trust ourselves to their honor and protection, than we would any of the long-faced, pharisaical Abolitionists of the North. We confess to a supreme hatred for the whole of them, male and female."

I am happy to say that these contemptible exhibitions at last moved Judge Parker to a sort of tacit rebuke of them. He proposed to Mrs. Spring that she should visit the jail, escorted and introduced by him, in order that the capers of the populace might be checked. This was well of the little Judge, but it did not appear to assuage in any degree the anger of the crowd, whose coarse insolence was as freely displayed as before. Mrs. Spring does not stand alone. A lady who preceded her was likewise treated, and, very fortunately, showed an equal disregard for all that was said or done during her visit. Here is her benediction, pronounced after her departure:

"The wife of Judge Russell, of Boston, accompanied him here for the purpose of paying her respects to the marauder Brown. She was permitted to visit him in his cell, and we are informed that the meeting was of an affecting character; she embraced him as a martyr in the cause which she had deeply at heart, and her deep commiseration and sympathy for his fate quite overcame her ladyship, and she burst forth in a flood of agonizing tears. Strange sympathy this, for a scoundrel whose purpose was to place those of her own sex in Virginia in the power of the unbridled passions of cut-throats and villains. Her presence here upon such a mission was doing violence to the feelings of our mothers, wives and sisters, and we are glad she made her stay but a short one."

Correspondence of The Baltimore American.

Mrs. Spring is accompanied by a young man who represents himself as her son. Immediately after their arrival in town, they proceeded to the jail and made application for admittance, which was refused. After a short consultation and several inquiries, they made their way to the residence of Mr. David Howell, one of our most wealthy and respected citizens, and a member of the Society of Friends, where the lady made known her mission and desired Mr. H.'s aid in getting an interview with Brown and his fellow-prisoners. She was, in a very polite but candid manner, informed by Mr. Howell that he would do nothing toward furthering her wishes, as he was decidedly of the opinion that she was doing no honor to the respectable Society with which she claimed to be connected by running about the country and offering her services to "nurse" and "soothe" the perpetrators of the terrible crimes of which Brown and company have been convicted. Nothing daunted, she made application to Dr. Mason, the physician of the jail, who informed her that permission to enter would be granted her the next day (Sabbath). When Brown was informed of her arrival, he said he did not want to see her, and immediately had a telegraph despatch forwarded to Mrs. Child and other Northern volunteers, to stay at home, stating that, if they had any money to spare, he would prefer his wife should have it. Mrs. Spring visited Brown on Sabbath, according to appointment, accompanied by her son, and was kindly received by Brown and Stephens. She remained with them some time, and visited them again in the afternoon. It is understood that no objection will be made by the State's officers to her giving the prisoners any attention she may desire, although they were being treated with the utmost possible kindness by the officers in command of the jail. Considerable suspicion has been aroused toward the young man who professes to be her son, the impression being that he is a brother of the prisoner, Stephens, and has availed himself of this ruse to obtain an interview.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.

The following resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee, now sitting at Nashville:

Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That we recognize in the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry the natural fruits of this treasonable irrepressible conflict doctrine put forth by the great head of the Black Republican party, and echoed by his subordinates; and that it becomes the imperative duty of national men of all parties, throughout the Union, to announce to the world their sense of its infamy, and to unite in crushing out its authors as traitors to their country, and as deadly enemies to the public peace, the rights of the State and the preservation of our republican institutions.

Resolved, That we record it as the sense of the Tennessee Legislature that the declaration of Mr. Seward, that a respectable portion of the Southern people, under the lead of Cassius M. Clay and Francis P. Blair, will the unite with the Black Republican party to prevent the extension of slavery, and will eventually "rise up against slavery," is a libel upon the honor and loyalty of the Southern people, and will but serve to make them more watchful and exacting of their public servants in the national councils.

Resolved, That it is the duty of our representatives in Congress to recognize as enemies to the Union, and especially to the slave States, all who in any way favor or affiliate with this sectional Black Republican party, and that any action on their part which favors a coöperation with Black Republicans in organizing the House, and thus placing the officers and important committees of that body under their control, would be false to the sentiments of the people of Tennessee, and an insult to their constituents and disgraceful to themselves.

Resolved, That we acknowledge our appreciation of the promptness with which the national administration took steps to check the recent conspiracy before it obtained the huge dimensions of a revolution.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN BROWN.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that when Thomas Cunningham, Esq., of Beaver, Pa., went to Kansas, under an appointment as U. S. Judge, in passing through a settlement he met old Osawatomie Brown, who had just arrived with half-a-dozen pro-slavery prisoners, captured while in arms to assail he Free-State settlers. Among them were several slaveholders, who were discharged by Brown (as Gov. Wise promised to discharge Gerrit Smith), with a lecture, as poor ignorant devils, who knew no better; then, turning to the Northern men with Southern principles, he remarked: "As for you fellows, who ought to know better, having been brought up in the free North, I must ask the Lord what I shall do with you!" Whereupon the stern old man commenced praying to the Almighty, asking his aid, that he might so dispose of these prisoners as to best promote the Free State cause, &c., in the midst of which Judge Cunningham, after vain attempts at restraining it, burst into a fit of laughter. In a moment Brown ceased praying, and, turning his piercing eyes upon the offender, remarked: "And if you don't stop laughing, I shall dispose of you, sir, *without asking the Lord anything about it!*" It is unnecessary to say that the honorable Court resumed its accustomed grave demeanor, and that the subsequent proceedings of John Brown's drum-head court martial were marked with no levity so far as Judge Cunningham was concerned.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Staunton *Virginian* tells this story: "One of our townsmen, Mr. George W. Dilliard, was involved in great danger at Harper's Ferry last week. He had gone there on business on the day after the capture of Old Brown and his party, and in walking alone in the vicinity of the Ferry, enjoying the splendid scenery, with one of the pikes in his hand, and two or three blank commissions in his pocket, taken from the insurgents, and which Gov. Wise had given him the day before, he was pursued and captured by a party who were hunting for Cook. Mr. Dilliard was immediately charged with being one of Cook's men; the pike was satisfactory evidence, and the cry was raised of 'shoot him! shoot him!' and several loaded guns were pointed at his breast. Fortunately, Mr. Dilliard retained his self-possession so well that the party at last yielded to his request that he should be taken to the Superintendent at the Ferry, and there be permitted to prove his innocence. Mr. Dilliard said it was about the most trying half hour or more he ever spent."

A NOBLE VIRGINIA WOMAN.

Let Virginia no more boast of her Pocahontas, or at least let her admit to an equal honor the name of Miss Fulke, who so nobly interposed in behalf of the prisoner Thompson, who was so brutally murdered by the slaveholders of Harper's Ferry. She is the daughter of the tavern-keeper in that village. The Boston *Transcript* thus tells the story:

"A crowd of armed men, with the ferocious habits of slave-drivers, and in such a state of excitement as hardly to be responsible moral agents, were fiercely aiming their arms at the helpless prisoner, and swearing to shoot him down instantly. The lady had to fear not only a reckless, but an involuntary shot from a gun in some of their trembling hands; but she threw her person between the prisoner and the muzzles of their weapons, and, holding him fast in her arms, heedfully and continually made her own head his shield against every levelled and shaking rifle."

To do such an act, and in defence of one whom, in all probability, she had never seen before, required not only all the courage which Gov. Wise attributes to himself, and which poor old Osawatomie Brown possesses, but also the same high-hearted generosity which has made the name of Florence Nightingale a household word in all Christendom. All honor, then, to Miss Fulke. We hope Virginia has others like her, and many such women are needed to save the Commonwealth from the ungoverned passions of her male inhabitants.

MORE PRECAUTIONS.

The shadow of an unconquerable terror still hangs over the Virginians. Their precautions are endless. What do you think was their last movement? They excluded Mr. Sennott, Brown's authorized counsel, who has in charge the disposition of the little property that remains to the condemned man, for the benefit of his wife and children, and who is endeavoring to arrange the best methods for collecting it together, from all private communication with the prisoners. It occurred to them that Mr. Sennott might act as a medium of correspondence between Brown and his Northern friends. This would not do at all. So the Court was appealed to, or Mr. Hunter was appealed to, and an order was issued, prohibiting Mr. Sennott's entrance to the jail, excepting when accompanied by the jailer. I do not know how Mr. Sennott took this, but I know that he would assuredly have given his opinion upon the matter in open court just as readily as he gave it upon "the absurd and illogical system of slavery," if it had not been deemed wisest, when he first privately expressed resentment, to remove all obstacles and restore him to his just position as counsel. I should not be surprised, however, if, on looking over the Virginia code, some provision should be found depriving a condemned prisoner of the right to see his legal adviser. The Virginia code is full of just such convenient arrangements.

A VIRGINIA SOLDIER SUSPECTED.

A Virginia soldier, one of the Public Guard that gives security to the sleep of the citizens of Richmond, by name Simmons, is fallen into trouble by reason of the "irrepressible conflict." He is under arrest for uttering sentiments of a decided anti-slavery character, and sympathizing with Old Brown and his associates. The men who heard him gave information to Capt. Dimmock, who, with his officers, inquired into the matter. Gov. Wise deems the offence one that comes under the jurisdiction of the civil authorities, and Simmons will accordingly have a hearing before the Mayor. The Richmond *Dispatch* says it is somewhat important that the soldiers of the State Guard should be all right on a question so intimately connected with the welfare of the community, and rather dangerous to give expression to seditious language in Virginia, particularly at this time.

A WORD FROM R. W. EMERSON.

In the course of his brilliant lecture on Courage, at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening last, Ralph Waldo Emerson said with marked emphasis, referring to Capt. John Brown: "The Saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the gallows glorious like the cross.' The sentiment was responded to by the immense audience in the most enthusiastic manner.—*Liberator.*

BROWN'S EXTRACTION.

The venerable Col. David Story, of Essex, now in the eighty-third year of his age, states that "Osawatomie Brown" is of Essex County extraction. His father was David Brown, of Hamilton, brother to the late Stephen Brown, and his mother was Ruth Story, of Essex, sister of the late Jacob Story. David and his wife removed to Ohio about sixty years ago, and afterward removed to Kentucky. They had three sons, of whom the now famous John was one.—*Salem (Mass.) Gazette.*

THE TORMENT OF FEAR.

People of the North can form no adequate conception of the painful anxiety which pervades all the district of country for many miles lying around the scene of the tragedy. This anxiety has been kept continually at work by rumors of projected attempts to rescue Brown from custody; and more especially from developments which have been made, inducing suspicion of the complicity of certain prominent men in political life. The latter has given force to the former; and it has been very naturally inferred that if such complicity existed, there was a strong probability that attempts would be made according to the reports. Consequently, the utmost excitement, suspicion and alarm have prevailed, and amongst the timid, and especially the female residents in secluded and remote situations, these emotions have been intense and painful. Had Brown and his companions been executed on the spot by martial law, therefore, no good ground of reproach would have existed, for something more was due to society, thus outraged and disturbed, than to the violent fanatics who had dared such an offence.—*Baltimore Sun.*

JOHN BROWN'S LETTER TO L. MARIA CHILD.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I was much surprised to see my correspondence with Gov. Wise published in your columns. As I have never given any person a copy, I presume you must have obtained it from Virginia. My proposal to go and nurse that brave and generous old man, who so willingly gives his life a sacrifice for God's oppressed poor, originated in a very simple and unmeritorious impulse of kindness. I heard his friends inquiring, "Has he no wife, or sister, that can go to nurse him? We are trying to ascertain, for he *needs* some one." My niece said she would go at once, if her health were strong enough to be trusted. I replied that my age and state of health rendered me a more suitable person to go, and that I would go most gladly. I accordingly wrote to Capt. Brown, and inclosed the letter to Gov. Wise. My intention was to slip away quietly, without having the affair made public. I packed my trunk and collected a quantity of old linen for lint, and awaited tidings from Virginia. When Gov. Wise answered, he suggested "the imprudence of trying any experiment upon the peace of a society already greatly excited," &c. My husband and I took counsel together, and we both concluded that, as the noble old veteran was said to be fast recovering from his wounds, and as my presence might create a popular excitement, unfavorable to such chance as the prisoner had for a fair trial, I had better wait until I received a reply from Capt. Brown himself. Fearing to do him more harm than good, by following my impulse, I waited for his own sanction. Meanwhile, his wife, said to be a brave-hearted, Roman matron, worthy of such a mate, has gone to him; and I have received the following reply. Respectfully, yours,

Boston, Nov. 10, 1859. L. MARIA CHILD.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.—*My dear Friend* (such you prove to be, though a stranger): Your most kind letter has reached me, with the kind offer to come here and take care of me. Allow me to express my gratitude for your great sympathy, and at the same time to propose to you a different course, together with my reasons for wishing it. I should certainly be greatly pleased to become personally acquainted with one so gifted and so kind; but I cannot avoid seeing some objections to it, under present circumstances. First, I am in charge of a most humane gentleman, who, with his family, have rendered me every possible attention I have desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and I am so far recovered from my wounds as no longer to require nursing. Then, again, it would subject you to great personal inconvenience and heavy expense, without doing me any good. Allow me to name to you another channel, through which you may reach me with your sympathies much more effectually. I have at home a wife, and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex County, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could well do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

Now, dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of those very poor and deeply afflicted persons? To enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education? Will you also devote your own energies to induce others to join you in giving a like amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named?

I cannot see how your coming here can do me the least good; and I am quite certain you can do me immense good where you are. I am quite cheerful under all my afflicting circumstances and prospects; having, as I humbly trust, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," to rule in my heart. You may make such use of this as you see fit. God Almighty bless and reward you a thousand fold! Yours in sincerity and truth,

JOHN BROWN.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Attention has just been effectually called to the bereaved family of Capt. John Brown, by his touching letter to Mrs. Child. Words so wonderfully direct and simple as his leave little room for the weaker words of others; yet I hope ere long to describe, in some fitting way, a brief visit just made to that most noble race of suffering saints in North Elba, N. Y. On those little, wild, cold farms among the magnificent Adirondack Mountains, their brave and patient hearts are gems worthy such a setting. The Circassians are at last conquered, but these more constant and more heroic mountaineers are not. The sudden, violent death of four male members of one family—for the Browns and Thompsons are so closely connected as to seem but one—has not crushed them; nor will they be utterly overwhelmed by the approaching doom of the "noblest Roman of them all." They share his patience and his peace, because they are, like him, absolutely devoted to a principle. Their poverty is the noble result of years of self-devotion—sons, and brothers, and husbands sent to Kansas, while the women remained at home alone. To relieve it there must be *a fund*, ultimately, it is to be hoped, a large one. In the meantime the Committee named below are in constant communication with the family, and will gladly take charge of contributions for this object, as well as for that originally contemplated in their circular.

Worcester, Nov. 13, 1859. T. W. H.

[The Committee referred to above consists of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas W. Higginson and other such.—*Ed.*]

MR. HYATT'S PLAN OF RELIEF.

From The Tribune.

Friends at the North, what will you do for John Brown's family? I have a photograph of the old man, presented to me by his own hands, an admirable likeness. Let all who sympathize in the purpose send each a dollar, and I will forward for each such sum an exact copy of the original, and with it, if possible, John Brown's autograph. The proceeds from ten thousand such copies will produce a fund of eight thousand dollars for the benefit of the helpless and afflicted ones, whom the Kansas hero so touchingly commends to our sympathies and care.

Suitable acknowledgment of funds received and applied will be made, from time to time, through the columns of *The New York Tribune.* The photographs can be sent by mail, as music is sent, at the expense of a stamp, which may be inclosed with the order. Address me at New York. THADDEUS HYATT.

New York, Nov. 14, 1859.

CONTINUED EXCITEMENT AT CHARLESTOWN.

From The Baltimore American.

We learn that considerable excitement still exists at Charlestown, Va., caused by numerous incendiary fires in the neighborhood, and a belief among the inhabitants that emissaries of old Brown are still lingering about. The Mayor of Charlestown has issued the following proclamation:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas it is deemed prudent and right, by the Town Council of Charlestown, that there should not be longer permitted to remain in our town or county, any stranger who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, now, therefore, I, Thomas C. Green, Mayor of Charlestown, do hereby proclaim, and make known, that all such strangers must immediately leave the town and county; and if they do not, any member of the Town Council, the Town Sergeant, Col. Davis, Lawson Botts, E. M. Asquith, Wells J. Hawks, are requested to make it their special business to bring such strangers before the Mayor or some Justice of the Peace, to be dealt with according to law; and the authorities of Harper's Ferry, Bolivar, Shepherdstown or Middleway, and all other authorities in the county, are hereby requested to take like action.

Nov. 12, 1859. THOMAS C. GREEN, Mayor of Charlestown.

On the appearance of this proclamation, Mr. Hoyt, who had returned to the town, Mr. Sennott, one of the counsel for the prisoners, and Mr. Jewett, connected with *Frank Leslie's*, received intimation from Col. Davis that they were among the strangers whose presence was not satisfactory to the people, and that their personal safety would best be secured by an early departure. Mr. Sennott declined leaving until he had concluded his business. Mr. Hoyt had already made arrangements for his departure before the proclamation appeared, and he, with Mr. Jewett, left there on Saturday. Mr Jewett was suspected—unjustly, he declares—of being the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, which paper has recently published some letters from Charlestown of an irritating character.

ART IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The New York Times.

SIR: The Special Correspondents and Artists of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, lately at Harper's Ferry, desire to return their thanks, through your columns, to the citizens of Charlestown, Va., for their assiduous attentions. We were never left alone for so much as five minutes at a time; and we should have been happy to enjoy this pleasing state of society much longer, but for a sudden conviction that hanging by a mob might injure the graceful proportions of our necks; that riding on a rail might jolt our systems seriously out of order, and that a coat of tar and feathers would be infinitely unbecoming to our complexions.

Being now in safety on the soil of New York, we can do no less than apprise the anxious friends we have left behind us of the interesting fact, and regret the immediate impossibility of renewing our relations with themselves and their affectionate watchfulness.

BROWN'S IDEAS OF DUTY.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Iowa, gives an interesting account of his acquaintance with Brown. He says:

"As he spoke in public there was no boasting nor a display of himself. The wrongs of Kansas, and the atrocities of slavery he pictured in a clear style, declaring that it was nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery. His logic, with all who were captious as to his course, was like a chain-shot argument, yet he courted no discussion, being then occupied with the safe escape of the eleven supposed chattels from Missouri. 'Providence,' said he, 'has made me an actor, and slavery an outlaw. A price is on my head, and what is life to me? An old man should have more care to end life well than to live long. Duty is the voice of God, and a man is neither worthy of a good home here nor a Heaven hereafter that is not willing to be in peril for a good cause? The loss of my family and the troubles in Kansas have shattered my constitution, and I am nothing to the world but to defend the right, and that, by God's help, I have done, and will do.' This, in substance, and much more, was said in reply to a wish which I expressed that he would not return to Kansas, but seek that rest and quiet with his family which his health demanded. He scouted the idea of *rest* while he held 'a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery.' His whole demeanor was that of a well-bred gentleman, and his narratives were given with childlike simplicity. He feared nothing, for, said he, 'Any who will try to take me and my company are cowards, and one man in the right, ready to die, will chase a thousand. Not less than thirty guns have been discharged at me, but they only touched my hair. A man dies when his time comes, and a man who fears is born out of time.'"

BROWN'S CONVERSATION.

Brown's conversation is singularly attractive. His manner is magnetic. It attracts every one who approaches him, and while he talks he reigns. The other prisoners venerate him. Stephens sits in his bed, usually with his face away from the window, and listens all day to "the Captain's" words, seldom offering a syllable except when called upon. Sometimes he gets a little excited, and springs forward to make clear some point about which "the Captain" is in doubt, but his five bullets, in head and breast, weigh him down, and he is soon exhausted. As for the other men—Copeland, Green and Copple—they are always sending messages to "the Captain," assuring him that "it was not they who confessed, and he mustn't growl at them, but at Cook." I cannot forget hearing Brown express himself on the subject of the threatening anonymous letters that have been received by Gov. Wise relating to his case. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I tell you what I think of them. They come from no friends of mine. I have nothing to do with such friends. Why, gentlemen, of all the things in the world that I despise, anonymous letters are the worst. If I had a little job to do, I would sooner take one-half the men I brought down here to help me than as many of these fellows as could fill all Jefferson County, standing close upon every inch. If I don't get out of this jail before such people as they are take me out, I shan't go very soon."—*Tribune Correspondence.*

MR. GREELEY OFFERS TO GO TO VIRGINIA.

The editor of *The Tribune*, replying to *The Herald's* nonsense about him as implicated in the Harper's Ferry affair, says:

"Here is one of the parties ridiculously dragged into *The Herald's* nonsense on this matter who is very willing to go to Virginia, whenever required, and tell all he knows about Old Brown's raid, and who will go whenever officially called for. There is no need of a requisition in the premises, for a simple letter from Gov. Wise will answer every purpose. And, in order to save expense (the finances of Virginia not being in a state of exuberant prosperity), we hereby notify the Governor that Horace Greeley intends to be in Washington on Monday, Dec. 6th, and will then and there be willing, so soon as the House shall have adjourned for the day, to step over at his own proper cost to Alexandria or any convenient point in Virginia and be examined at length before any Judge or Commissioner of that State as to all matters concerning John Brown and his colleagues in the recent affair at Harper's Ferry. Having had the honor of a slight acquaintance with Gov. Wise in old Whig days, we do not need to assure him that this proposition is made in perfect good faith, and that we require of him no safe conduct nor stipulation of any sort whatever."

BROWN'S INTEGRITY.

Some who knew John Brown in early life, and there is one living in this section who knew him well, and who learned his trade of him, represent him as having been always characterized and even noted for singular probity of life, and as having been distinguished by strong and rather eccentric benevolent impulses. When a leather dealer, at his maturity, he would refuse to sell leather until the last drop of moisture had been dried from it, lest he should sell his customers water and reap the gain. He is said to have caused a man to be arrested or re-arrested for some small offence, not easily substantiated to a jury, or who had already passed a preliminary examination without effect, although he (Brown) had sustained no personal injury, but simply because he thought the crime should be punished; and his benevolence induced him to supply the wants of the offender out of his private means, and we believe to provide for the family until the time of trial. The rogue confessed that he had never lived so well as during the time of his imprisonment. A still more curious instance is related of his eccentric character. Having gone from his house for a physician, in a case of common family urgency, he saw some persons bagging apples in another person's orchard. He made them restore their booty, and took measures to effect their arrest, so that much time was necessarily consumed before he attended to the urgent distresses of his family. These cases, credibly related, are manifestly part and parcel with his recent extraordinary act in Virginia. The first-mentioned of these cases is from the mouth of one who knew him well, and who regarded him at that time as an exemplary and highly Christian man.—*Warren (Pa.) Ledger.*

YANKEE SPECULATION.

An effort has actually been made outside of Charlestown in Virginia to turn the execution of Osawatomie Brown and his fellow-conspirators to account by getting up a monster excursion from all parts of the country of those who have a sufficiently morbid appetite for the horrible to induce them to desire to be present. Mr. Simon Perham, not without notoriety as a showman, has conceived this happy idea, and recently addressed the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad inquiring as to the amount of reduction upon the regular rate of fare which would be conceded to his excursionists. Mr. Garrett, not thinking the occasion a proper one, or that the people who would travel hundreds of miles to see five or six criminals executed exactly the class of visitors who would be agreeable to the Virginia authorities, has caused that opinion to be made known to Mr. Perham.

CURIOSITY OF THE NEGROES.

People may say what they please of the indifference of the negroes to the passing events, but it is not true. They burn with anxiety to learn every particular, but they fear to show it. A hotel servant busied himself the whole morning a day or two ago to extract from me something concerning the prospects of Brown, without appearing to ask a direct question. At last I told him he'd better say what he wanted. "Well, sir," he said very timidly, "what do you think they'll do, after all, with Mr. Brown?" I told him they would surely hang him. "Well, now," he said, argumentatively, "Don't you see it would be a pity to do anything so 'brupt?" I told him that if Brown were not disposed of, the people in Virginia would think themselves in a bad scrape. "Pity they wasn't," said he, shuffling away very much discomposed.—*Tribune Correspondence.*

COWARDLY FEARS.

At nightfall, the circumspection is doubled. Free passage through the streets is not yielded. At every turn you meet an ugly fellow, with a still uglier musket (generally a flint-cock, at which the Colonel in command is greatly scandalized, averring that the Government sends all its best arms to the North, and reserves the worst for Virginia), who will neither let you advance nor recede, without a long parley. Later in the evening you cannot go about at all, except within close range of your hotel. There, indeed, you may have the delights of society—a bar-room filled with blatant boors, who, uncheckcd by the presence of the Judge, who sits among them, rehearse their foolish frenzies, and strive in vain to drown their venom

The Baltimore papers state that Phil, the negro of Mrs. Alstadt, who was compelled by Capt. Brown to assist in making the loop-holes through the walls of the engine-house, was arrested and conveyed to jail, on the charge of sympathizing with the insurgents. He has since been lying ill, and died on Tuesday, of pneumonia, though it is said his sickness was caused by fright.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that the negro Newly, who was one of the insurgents at Harper's Ferry, was awhile since the slave *of his own father* in Virginia, by whom he was emancipated, and that Newly's wife and two children are still slaves in successive flowing bowls.—*Trib. Cor.*

WASHINGTON, Monday, Nov. 14.

Private advices from Boston state that McDonald, recently arrested here on suspicion of being connected with the Harper's Ferry conspirators, is well known there, and is undoubtedly insane. He is still detained here, though nothing has as yet transpired to establish his guilt.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

JOHN BROWN.

But shall he die? will frail Virginia dare
Strike the rash blow?—blood-seal the martyr-doom?
Will she not fear the spirit from his tomb,
That when it strikes, will beat no empty air?
Spirit, not phantom; be it then her care
To lull the giant, rising even now;
To wipe the dastard drops from her pale brow,
And her own heart with other heart compare.
Thought yet, but how soon may it action be!
Thought earnest, brave, ready to serve the right;
Thought daring—looking to the dawning light,
Glowing to save—ay, save from anarchy.
Ah! none so blind as they who will not see—
No state so weak as dotard chivalry!

A. P. C.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, November 1st, the following resolution was adopted:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1st, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the Free States, in case of the execution of Capt. JOHN BROWN, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as "THE SUM OF ALL VILLANIES," which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood, and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

No suggestion more timely and important than this could be made; and now that Sentence of Death has been pronounced against the brave martyr to his principles, let the day of his execution—FRIDAY, December 2d—be the occasion of such a public moral demonstration against the bloody and merciless Slave system as the land has never witnessed. Friends of Freedom *everywhere!* begin at once to make the necessary arrangements. The appeal is made to you all, without regard to sect or party, or different shades of opinion. Let it be a memorable day in the history of the United States. In all the Cities and Towns of the North, let there be some suitable and expressive form of manifestation. Among other things, let there be a tolling of the bells for one hour.

As a postponement of the execution may take place, on account of the application by Mr. BROWN'S Counsel to the Virginia Court of Appeals, it may be necessary to hold the commemoration on another day. Friends! be vigilant!

And it is further suggested that, at all these meetings, contributions should be taken up in behalf of the Widow and Family of Capt. JOHN BROWN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of THE STANDARD, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to made prompt payment.

BROWN'S TRIUMPH.

THAT man spoke well who first spoke of John Brown's enterprise in Virginia "regarded *as a success.*" There were some aspects of failure about it, and those of a kind most fitted to strike the popular mind; moreover, it is the policy of all the slaveholding tribe to heap scorn and contempt upon it, as an utterly abortive movement; and so it has generally been assumed to be a failure. Its purpose has been censured by some, and applauded by others; but both these parties, for the most

VIRGINIA AND HER PRISONERS.

Five of the Harper's Ferry prisoners are now under sentence of death, viz.:

JOHN BROWN, EDWIN COPPIE,*
JOHN E. COOK, SHIELDS GREEN,
JOHN COPELAND.

The first three are white, the last two colored. Their cases are all, we understand, to come up on *exceptions* before the Court of Appeals, soon to meet at Richmond. We are assured that there will be no difficulty in showing abundant *legal* grounds for setting aside the verdicts. The indictments were so loosely drawn that they would have been set aside by almost any Northern Court, however aggravated the guilt of the persons accused; but we do not believe there is the slightest ground for hope that these prisoners will be allowed the benefit of any legal impediments to their fate.

The Governor not having the power of pardon or commutation in cases of treason, the three white men can be saved from the gallows only by the interposition of the General Assembly, which does not meet till the first of January. Whether Gov. Wise will consent to postpone the day of their execution, to give them this small chance of escape, is at the best very doubtful. It is thought by many that he will thus interpose in behalf of Cook, in consideration of his youth and of his confession. Gov. Willard (of Indiana), Cook's brother-in-law, and an influential Democratic politician, will of course do all he can to secure this result; with what success time will show.

The charge of treason against the colored prisoners was abandoned in obedience to the infamous decree of the U. S. Supreme Court that they are not citizens! The lawyers who drew the indictments would seem to have been entirely unconscious of this effect of the new slaveholding doctrine. Gov. Wise has the power of pardon and of commutation in respect to these prisoners, but we see no reason to expect that he will exercise it.

John Brown is sentenced to die on Friday, Dec. 2d; the day fixed for the execution of his companions is Friday, Dec. 16th. It is supposed by some that Gov. Wise will postpone Brown's execution till the 16th, that all may die on the same day.

Haslitt's trial is postponed till the May term of the Court at Charlestown. The passion of Virginia may be so far cooled by that time as to give him some chance for his life.

Stephens, if he survives his wounds (which we understand he is not likely to do), will be tried at the next term of the U. S. Circuit Court at Staunton, Va. It is understood to be the intention of the slaveholders to summon as witnesses upon his trial some of the most prominent Northern Republicans whom they suspect of complicity with Brown's movements. We venture to predict that they will be sadly disappointed with the results of this scheme, if they are weak enough to pursue it.

The case of John Brown has awakened the deepest sympathy of all who know how to appreciate his brave and generous devotion to the welfare of the oppressed. History will record his name in her roll of martyrs. Plans for the relief of his family are already proposed and will doubtless be zealously carried out. This is all right and noble, and we would not say a word to check the tide of admiration and sympathy flowing in this direction; but we feel impelled to speak a word in behalf of the other prisoners, who certainly ought not to be forgotten. If they are not all endowed with the shining qualities which make their leader so conspicuous, they at least deserve some share of the credit so spontaneously awarded to him, and to be embraced in all our plans of relief. They, no less than he, risked their lives in an effort to break the fetters of the enslaved, and the enthusiasm which overlooks them in heaping honor upon him is narrow, blind and unjust.

* This name is sometimes spelt "Coppic." We do not know which is the correct way.

A CHANT FOR THE TIMES.

Being a prose translation (from memory) of a German Poem.

Among the warriors of Underwalden stood the son of many heroes, high towering over all the self-devoted.

He leaned upon his lance, as if in this last strife for death or freedom he took no part.

He thought of the old times, when his native mountains were tuneful with the "*Kuhrein and Rugusa*," before their echoes had shuddered at the clarion of war.

He thought of his great sires, who feared not men nor monsters.

He thought of his brethren—the true men of Underwalden—beset by a cruel encroaching foe.

He thought of his hearth-stone, where knelt his wife and children waiting for deliverance or ruin.

He looked toward the foe, hemming them in on every side—with serried spears, pressing forward to bear the noble band to death or slavery.

Then awoke the hero!—he flung to earth his dragon-shield, and laid bare his noble breast.

"Brethren," cried he, "take care of my wife and children; I will make you a path! Press boldly over my body to victory!"

Then, spreading wide his mighty arms, he rushed upon the spearmen. With a strong embrace, he seized their crowded lances, and, pressing their points with force together, sheathed them in his bosom, fell backward with a sudden force and drew the lancers down.

Then arose from all that band the cry, "*Let not our Arnold die in vain!*"

Shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, on rushed the patriots, like the swollen torrents from their mountains.

Their war-cry was, "Arnold! Arnold!" and with every cry down went the invaders, like corn before the reapers.

Arnold's corpse was their path, and it led them to Freedom.

Reader, I offer you no sketch of fancy—I tell you of no fabled hero. This man was Arnold Struthan of Winkelreid.

They *did* take care of Arnold's wife and children as long as they lived, and tradition adds—but this is an Old-World story—that they were never heard asking each other whether by comforting the family of so great a rebel they might not hurt their trade in goats' milk, cheese and wooden toys, which were their chief staples of commerce; for these simple and unworldly wise children of the heights never thought of supplying poles and Gesler hats, nor of making whips and bridles wherewith their would-be masters might bend them to earth, or hunt them down to slavery.

Concord, Mass.

Dr. Cheever's Letter to Mr. Spurgeon, which will be found on the first page, does not exaggerate in the least the hostility to which the writer has exposed himself by his bold and uncompromising course in preaching against slavery as a sin—a hostility by no means confined to the open defenders of slavery, but felt and exerted with deadliest aim by the compromising clergy of his own denomination, who, in spite of many loud professions of anti-slavery principle, always betray the cause in the interest of sect. Whether it was wise, in the peculiar circumstances alluded to by Dr. Cheever, to send to England for pecuniary aid, is a question we are not called upon to consider; but certainly no one can question his right and that of his friends to do so, if in their judgment they thought it best. The abuse of *The Times*—a paper which never had the courage to rebuke a popular iniquity and never lost an opportunity to aim a cowardly blow at a struggling champion of the right—only goes to confirm Dr. Cheever's statements as to the fearful prevalence of the pro-slavery spirit at the North, and especially in this city. The attempt to stigmatize Dr. Cheever as a man of "acrid, malignant, intolerant temper" is of a piece with the treatment awarded to all earnest Abolitionists within the last twenty-five years. In the present state of public opinion in this country, it is hardly possible for an uncompromising enemy of slavery to avoid this imputation.

Slave Insurrections.—We have grouped together on the fourth page some brief notices of various Slave Insurrections that have occurred at different periods in the history of this country. They are, of course, very incomplete, and probably in many respects quite inaccurate. The reader should remember that the accounts of these insurrections which generally obtain currency are not those given by the slaves, but by the masters, and therefore to be received with caution. Every circumstance of cruelty on the part of the slaves in such cases is painted in glowing colors, while the atrocious provocations so long borne by them are entirely ignored.

We wish some person qualified for the work would write a history of Slave Insurrections in the United States. Such a work, carefully and conscientiously compiled from authentic sources, and imbued with the spirit of impartial liberty, would be exceedingly valuable. Let us hope that no one may undertake such a task who has not the patience to perform it well. A hotch-potch of crude and hastily gathered materials, made to cohere by the aid of scissors and paste, would not meet the public want.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLVIII.

The Argument.—Sympathy with John Brown—The Boston newspapers—The opinion of the Correspondent as to Captain Brown's influence, alive and dead—He comforteth the Republicans and magnifieth himself and his friends—His prophetic character vindicated—His exegesis of the infantile nosology of the Republicans—His views of the desperate intentions of Virginia—And his theory as to the Tenth Legion—He suggesteth information for the Marines—He relateth the Battle of the General Court and the Liquor Agent—With the Episode of the Demijohn—He epitomiseth the conflict and concludeth hastily—&c. &c. &c.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1859.

The principal topic of talk for the last fortnight, as well as for that which went before it, has been Osawatomie Brown, of course. It is curious to see how the almost universal tone of press and people is sympathetic with him and his companions, rather than with their Virginia captors—or rather jailers and executioners, for Virginia had nothing to do with their capture. Even *The Post* says no more than is absolutely necessary to maintain its National character, and what it says is rather an attempt to give the Republican party the credit of the invasion than to excite indignation at its leader. *The Courier* which you know answers in Boston to *The Herald* in New York (only out of sight behind it in ability and influence), is the only paper that has gone into the matter in a thoroughly Charlestownian and slaveholding spirit. One would suppose that it had a houseful of slaves, or wished to be thought to have, and felt uneasy sensations about the region of the throat. As your leader of last week said, John Brown is the man of all others on whom the eyes of the nation are now fixed, and it will think and, talk of nothing else until the curtain has fallen on the tragedy. And for a long time afterwards, for that matter. Virginia may kill John Brown, but she cannot hinder his ghost from walking and haunting the bedsides of the whole slaveholding South. His will be a name "to raise the wild devil withal" as long as slavery exists.

The results of last week's elections must have somewhat relieved our Republican friends from the panic they were in lest John Brown should have frightened some of their weaker brethren as much as he did the Virginians. There were very serious apprehensions on the part of old politicians, who ought to have known better, of an insurrection of the rank and file of their party, or at least of a *stampede* over to some of the others. Provision was made by the Democratico-Whigs for such weaklings in this State by the nomination of ex-Governor Briggs, who was thought a suitable dry-nurse to take care of them. But it happened as we Abolitionists told them from the beginning it would. Not a vote appears to have been lost on this account, and nobody that I have heard of even thought it worth while to pretend that there was. I saw some very prominent Republicans immediately after the Battle of Harper's Ferry, and they were in serious concern of mind for the damage it was going to do to the Republican party this year and next. They considered it a most fatal event for the prospects of the party—especially as far as this autumn's elections were concerned—and they would not believe me when I assured them that it would not cause them to lose a vote this year, and would bring them in hundreds next. But politicians of all stripes are timid animals, and do not know that we Abolitionists are infallible in all our judgments as to all matters into which slavery enters.

The first part of my prophecy has certainly come true. Notwithstanding all the lavish expenditure of lies by your *Herald* and our *Courier* and *Post*, to give the Republican leaders the merit of that affair, Gov. Banks was re-elected by more than 20,000 plurality, and by near 10,000 clear majority over both his rivals. The vote was a light one, to be sure; but then it would not have been had anybody been really given over to believe those lies. And the elections in your State and New Jersey and Pennsylvania tell the same story. Not a man fell out of the ranks for fear of being thought in the Harper's Ferry conspiracy. And I am confident that the other part of my prophecy will also come to pass, and that the Republican candidate will have hundreds more of votes next year than he would have had had the invasion of Virginia never taken place. And the reason is plain enough. Anything that strongly attracts the attention of the North to slavery always makes Abolitionists, and the first stage of Abolitionism is Republicanism. Republicanism is the teething, the measles or chicken-pox of suckling Abolitionists, through which they must necessarily pass to the fullness of strength. Or, to vary the figure, Republicanism is the Jericho at which newly-caught Abolitionists tarry until their beards are grown. Through the insensate misuse of this god-send by the slaveholders and the Democrats, they have thrown away all the advantage they might have derived from it, if well managed, and consequently Abolitionists are making by the hundreds and will be made by the thousands as soon as Captain Brown and his men are hanged. And all, or most, of these will make haste to vote the next Republican Presidential ticket, in spite of all we can do to hinder them.

I see by a letter from an Own Correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, written from the spot, that Virginia is not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, but is about to turn the North out of her service on the shortest warning, if any. It seems that the inhabitants of Jefferson County and the region round about are called the Tenth Legion. I never heard this before, and cannot explain it now, unless it happens to be that particular Legion which was once permitted to go into a herd of swine. But though the parties in that case said that their name was Legion, there was nothing said about its being the Tenth. Some of the doings of the modern Legionaries are not unworthy of them of old time—such as their murdering prisoners and tearing and rending the dead bodies of those that had been slain. But this news is altogether too good to be true. If the South would only take herself off, what a blessed riddance it would be! But there is no hope of it. This very matter proves the ridiculous weakness of the South in a military point of view. What the correspondent on the spot of *The Tribune* said is much more to the purpose, viz., that your Seventh Regiment could conquer and take possession of the whole State. If the most Northern and strongest portion of the slave States could not defend itself against a score of men, but had to call on the help of the U. S. Marines, how forcible must be the feebleness of South Carolina and Louisiana! No, the North must have the satisfaction of catching their negroes for them when they runaway, and of keeping them in order when they stay at home, for a good while longer. This story of the F. F. V.'s letting go their hold of the United States Treasury on a quarrel of this kind is one which they may tell to the Marines they rely upon for defence. They may believe it; but nobody else out of a lunatic asylum will do anything but laugh at it.

The most entertaining thing that has occurred in these regions has been the match between our Great and General Court and Mr. Burnham, the State Liquor Agent. It was one of those fights, like that between the toad and the *serpent*, or that between the husband and the bear, in which the spectators were profoundly indifferent as to which "whipped." It would be hard to say for which of the two parties to the fight the inhabitants of the State in general entertain the greatest contempt. Mr. Burnham is the ingenuous gentleman who put on record his tricks in stimulating and making his profit out of the "Hen Fever" of a few years ago. Whether it was for the ingenuity he showed in the poultry line, or for the candor which induced him to make confession of the same, that Gov. Banks selected him for the office of only licensed Liquor-seller in the State, I am not enough in his confidence to affirm. But so he did, and there must have been some good cause for it, inasmuch as this office is by all odds the best in the State. Indeed, a year or two is long enough to enable a thrifty man to lay by a fortune. There is in one of the neighboring towns a speck and span new house, of the very newest order of Americano-Italian architecture, which is known to the vicinage as "The Demijohn," both from its resemblance to that familiar vessel and from the fact that it was built out of the profits of his office by Mr. Burnham's predecessor, with enough over to live comfortably in it.

The brief of the quarrel is this. The object of the Liquor Agency being to supply the lieges with wines and spirits for medicinal purposes, it was of course intended that the Agent should keep none that were not, like John Gilpin's, "both sound and clear." Accordingly, adulteration of the same is made a penitentiary offence. It being brought to the knowledge of the Legislature that Mr. Burnham was suspected of having mixed his liquors unlawfully, the subject was referred to a Committee which went into the investigation. It seems to have been proved that brandy of the highest quality, not being in demand of our economical invalids, had been reduced by the mixture of pure spirits to a lower grade of merit and of price. Whether the Agent authorized this was not clear. To discover this, the Committee demanded his Cash Book and Ledger. He refused to produce them, on the ground that they were his private books—the Act only requiring a particular book of purchases and sales, which had been forthcoming. On this, the Committee reported his contumacy to the House, the House had him arrested and brought to the bar, and, he still refusing, committed him to jail for twenty-five days. The sheriff and jailer refused to receive him as their prisoner, but lent a cell to the Sergeant-at-Arms to keep him in, as a matter of civility. He was brought before the Supreme Court on Habeas Corpus, on the ground that the House had no right to demand these books and that the refusal of them was no contempt. Chief-Justice Shaw, however, and the whole Court, held that he was bound to produce them, unless they contained matter to criminate himself (which he would not admit), and remanded him to custody. And so the matter stands at this writing. I dare say enough will happen yet to give me a paragraph in my next; but it is time to stop this time.

D. Y.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...No. XVII.

October 24, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: Now that the accounts of the harvest have come in from all but the most distant quarters, the question recurs which we ask ourselves every year, why your Northern citizens, if they sincerely desire the abolition of slavery, do not take means to effect it by adopting a free trade policy, instead of cherishing a protective policy as they do? This is the one point, to all appearance, on which the North and South could agree to act together at Washington; unless, indeed, the South is learning what would be the effect on slavery of thorough free trade in all commodities. The way that we regard the matter is this, now that we have had time to see the operation of our free trade policy on France, and other European countries. While your merchants were in a state of surprise, this last year, at the small amount of grain that we took of them, they saw that we were supplying ourselves from France. At present the process is reversed, and the French are taking our grain. It seems strange to the merchants of a new and productive country like yours that two old and thickly peopled countries like England and France should buy food of each other rather than of you. France must have a regular and safe supply of food, if she is to escape utter wreck; for every year of severe pressure by a high price of wheat has been followed by more or less of perilous revolutionary movement. Our free trade in corn has opened an inestimable resource to France in the assured regularity of our supply; and it is well understood to be the Emperor's desire that France should enjoy the same security at first-hand; but the demand for the exclusion of certain British commodities is at present too strong for him. While it is so, there must continue to be severe vicissitudes in the price of the first necessaries of life; but there is a sufficient commerce between the two countries to preclude actual dearth. If your great country, with its prodigious possible production of grain, were free to trade with Europe, you would be the grand source of supply; and your establishment in that character would preclude the inequalities of price which so sorely trouble your merchants. They complain that during the past year, we and the French have not bought of them, but of each other; and that now the quantity they have to sell must so lower the price that they will have to feed us, as on former occasions, at half-price. It is not our fault, but that of your protective policy, that our custom is so uncertain, and that we can occasionally buy of you so cheaply as we do. If you could get courage to follow the laws of nature in commerce, leaving each country to produce what it could grow best, and to buy of others what *they* could produce best, you would find the blessed results in the reform of your labor-market, as well as the prosperity of your commerce. But, as long as you insist on supplying yourselves with cotton and iron manufactures, inferior and costly in comparison with what you might have from us, there will be a waste of your commercial means, and a serious restriction of your trade with Europe. The process is remarkably plain just now. During your commercial reverse in 1857 and the following months, your imports from Europe diminished more than one-half. As an inevitable consequence, your exports of grain fell off. The total commerce was severely restricted. But, if your protective duties had not precluded trade in various articles of our greatest production, our reciprocal commerce would have continued to be considerable, and your stocks of grain would not now have been so large or so ruinously cheap; and your cotton manufacture seems to flourish no better than our silk and woollen manufactures did while they were "protected"; as for your iron, you might take warning from the French. They are eminently an agricultural nation; and they have discovered that it is good policy to improve their agriculture to the utmost. For this purpose, the cultivators would fain have good English tools; but their own iron masters insist upon heavy duties on British iron, in all shapes; and thus French agriculture is kept back; and the English demand is less and the French produce less than they would be under free trade. If your capital, wastefully invested in inferior manufactures, had been invested in imports of the same kind of commodities and the growth of equivalent products, the traffic across the Atlantic would have been larger, and France and England would have obtained grain from you, instead of from each other.

Under such a method, it needs no arguing that free labor must depress slave labor more and more. Mr. Helper has shown us how the development of Northern industry is overwhelming the production of the South. The proportion of your Northern hay-crop to the total agricultural production of the South is very striking to us. If you would make your trade as free as that of the South, your free labor would soon put the entire production and commerce into your hands. Either slave or free labor would strive to produce cotton, under the increased demand from Europe occasioned by an unrestricted commerce. If slave labor, you would lose our custom, because of the exceptional dearness of your commodity, which must inevitably cause an adequate production of cheaper cotton in the West Indies, Africa and our Asiatic dependencies. We are vigorously prosecuting the growth of cotton in various countries now; and we should get on with the enterprise at a rapid rate if free trade in the United States should develop our commerce with you in articles bearing their natural price. But no doubt you would then grow cotton by free labor, rather than part with us as customers for it. The planters who now supply us would not hold their ground for two seasons together against cotton-growers who should employ free labor; and it would only remain for them to retire from the competition or employ free labor. Why your Northern merchants do not use this natural, peaceable and certain method of extinguishing slave labor while extending commerce generally would be an insoluble mystery to us if we did not remember how pertinaciously an ancient policy (and especially a colonial one) maintains its hold upon men's minds. As it is, we see with regret a vigorous young country burying a part of her resources in the napkin of an out-worn policy; creating arbitrary prices, instead of enjoying the security of natural ones; and thus allowing gratuitously to the South an opportunity of artificially enhancing the price of cotton by the use of expensive labor. Once let the North have the courage to commit itself to natural prices, and the South must reform its conditions of production, or lose its trade: a trade which there would be plenty of enterprising Northern citizens to take up. You would exert yourselves to supply us with cotton, from the moment when free labor could enter the field—would not you? Well; the shortest way to bring about this result would be, in our opinion, to relinquish your protective duties, and lay open commerce to take its natural course. Wasteful methods of production collapse presently under such conditions. At present, your traffic restricts the sale of wheat in Europe, and causes ruinous fluctuations in its price; and at the same time it gives a longer tether to your slaveholders. *Such* is our view—is not it clear? And if it is so, are you not agitating for free trade?

There was a discussion one day at the recent Social Science Meeting at Bradford—brief and rather unsatisfactory, judging by the reports—on West India labor and coolie immigration. Mr. Stephen Cane, the representative of the planters, gave the planters' view of the state of West India affairs. If the reports reach you, you will at once see that, on the one hand, all advocacy of slavery is given up by the planters, as fully and freely as by anybody else; and, on the other hand, that the evils complained of (even accepting his account of them) are attributable to other causes than the freedom of labor. Much more indigenous labor is obtainable than Mr. Cane supposes; and the obstacles to its free use are purely needless and absurd. If Mr. Channing really said at Bradford what is set down for him, we can only wonder that anything so visionary should fall from any one who has lived so long in Lancashire; viz., that the only way to abolish slavery is to abstain from slave products. Considering that a permanent two millions and a half of our population has been created by our cotton manufacture, it is mere delusion to suppose that we can, or ought to, stop or restrict the manufacture which is one of the most beneficent institutions in the world. To abolish slavery would be easy in comparison. We are growing free labor sugar, as fast as we can, and endeavoring to grow free labor cotton—certain, meantime, that free labor is steadily discrediting slavery, day by day, in the West Indies and everywhere else.

Since I wrote you last, the great strike has nearly disappeared from the public view. I fear that the distress of many thousands of impoverished men, women and children will remind us of it only too painfully when winter comes on. The various bodies of united workmen have declined to collate their rules with the law of the land; and their reputation has sunk accordingly. In justice to them I must add that more and more of them have disclaimed any sympathy in the original cause of the strike—the demand of ten hours' wages for nine hours' work. The employers have obtained larger supplies of labor every week; and thus the "turn-outs" see their places filled, and are dependent on a scanty, precarious and nearly exhausted allowance from the contributions of various trades. As a conflict between employers and employed, the struggle is over, for this time. The best friends of the workmen lament that they have not established a more solid basis for future action by bringing their rules into certified accordance with the law of the land.

The loss of our two engineer princes, Brunel and Stephenson, is mourned on your side the water, I doubt not, as well as ours. Both were of that order of great men who are most beloved by those nearest to them. They are lamented for their personal qualities, as well as for their works' sake. But what works they have left for monuments!

As for the other sort of princes, the story of their doings, or of their waitings, is so dreary that one shrinks from dwelling upon it. Before I write next, something must have happened to throw light upon the situation, of which all that we yet know is that it is very fearful. All Europe is saying now that the Emperor of the French *must* speak out in regard to the destinies of Italy. The difference between the state of affairs now and when I wrote last is that the Treaty of Zurich (between France and Austria) has been signed—including the engagement to restore the deposed rulers of the Italian Duchies. How to reconcile this with the Emperor's avowals against armed intervention is the question; or, to put it in a larger form, what to anticipate in regard to the fall of Italy, as far as it depends on him. I will not enter upon speculations as to either his mind or his circumstances, of which some disclosure must be impending. The all-engrossing fact of the moment is the general anticipation of war between him and us. It is wicked and shocking that such a probability should arise when we know of no cause of quarrel. But he leaves us no choice—if present appearances are to be attended to. We have long been forbearing and patient; we have given no offence that we are aware of. We believe that the bulk of the French people no more desire war than we do. But, if the "master of the situation," as the Emperor considers himself in the Italian case, chooses to regard the invasion of England as, in some inscrutable way, called for by his late war and peace, we shall be ready to receive him. We are fully warned now. We have been aware of the hollowness of his pretences of disarming, and of the urgency with which he has driven forward his naval preparations; and the United Kingdom is roused, as one man, to repel the aggressor. I doubt whether anything like it was ever seen before. As in the days of the Spanish Armada, the Catholic laity are loyal, rendering harmless all truculent priests who declare for the Pope and his allies. The spirit of the nation is thoroughly roused; and preparations of all sorts are going on with the utmost speed. It was only last week that the aspect of affairs became so "ugly"; and perhaps it is only in the columns of our newspapers that relate to Rifle-clubs and naval intelligence that you will observe symptoms of our state of mind; but it is one full of mute eloquence. If the Emperor should so brave the world's opinion as to go to war with the free nations at this time, he will be regarded as out of the pale of alliance and sympathy; and his ruin cannot be far off. It is thus difficult to believe what is passing before our eyes; but not the less must we prepare. It seems as if the hour were striking for the War of Opinion, in which the champions of national and despotic government must contend for the principle which is to govern human society. We have your good wishes, I am confident.

Harriet Martineau.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XIII.

Paris, October 12, 1859.*

Things are approaching a crisis in Central Italy, and the state of uncertainty in which that part of the peninsula remains cannot last much longer. A recent and sad event has shown that some definite solution must be given to the Italian question, in order that revolutionary passions should not rise too high. Till now, the Italians have shown so much moderation, sense and political wisdom that it must be deeply regretted that the assassination of Colonel Anviti should furnish new arms to their enemies. The outbursts of popular fury are sometimes awful, and popular justice was never exercised in a more terrific mode than upon Anviti, once the counsellor of the Duke of Parma and the head of his police, for his cruelties and long-endured bravadoes. He was punished in very much the same way as the minister Prina, in 1814, for his allegiance to the French domination. Prina was literally killed by a mob armed only with umbrellas; Anviti was bastinadoed to death; then his head was cut off and fixed upon a great column, and his body dragged in the streets for four hours. That during this frightful scene no public force could be found, in a place swarming with Italian volunteers, preparing for war, is assuredly strange. People speak now of prosecuting the actors of this tragedy; but what reliable information can be obtained, what kind of justice can be exercised against an infuriated mob? Such acts are necessarily anonymous ones, and this is the very reason why conscience rises so much against them. By such actions we can have an insight into the future which would be prepared for Italy, in case the wishes of the Italians should be despised by the great powers; those angry passions, which till now have been kept down by success and hope, would then rise higher than they ever did in the first part of this century.

Unfortunately for Tuscany, Parma and Modena, their fate is now dependent on the solution of the Roman question, the most difficult, perhaps, of modern times. All the Roman States lying behind the Apennines have united themselves with the Duchies, and, like these, have offered themselves to Victor Emanuel. But Papacy is a power hardly less strong than Austria itself, and perhaps even more so; for, in the war which has just taken place, Austria had not one ally among the Italians and the French; while, in the war now opened by the Pope directly against Piedmont and the Italians, and indirectly against France, he can count upon many friends and supporters in the camp of the enemy. In France, bishop after bishop utters a protestation against the attacks made on the temporal power of the Pope; they will not see what they call the patrimony of St. Peter diminished by one acre; they loudly complain of the moral complicity of the French government in the late events; they abuse Victor Emanuel in the most violent language, and a part of the reproaches uttered against him are in direct reproof of the policy of the Emperor himself. They speak with a sentimental affectation of the tears of the Pope, "bitter," says one of the bishops, "to the eyes which shed them, but terrible to those who cause them to be shed." The sermons in all the French churches now allude to the miserable fate of the Pope, and prayers are asked for him; but this agitation fortunately meets with a small degree of popularity. The old images of ecclesiastical rhetoric have rather lost their force upon the minds of the people; and when the jesuitical party invokes the tears of the Holy Pontiff, people think of the tears shed at Perugia, after the horrible murder of so many of its inhabitants. Pio Nono may be personally a very respectable man; but the temporal power of the Papacy is a very great wrong. It is of no use to defend it any more with spiritual arms; the temporal power of the Pope cannot be imposed even on the Catholics like a dogma; therefore it is nothing more than any other royal power, and, considered in that light, we find very little sanctity either in its establishment or in its perpetuation. Those *Romagnes*, which are now excommunicated by the Pope, because they claim their liberty, were they not conquered, by force of arms, by Pope Julius the Second—not a crying Pope, but an armed soldier? Did he not storm Bologna, now the quartier-general of Garibaldi?

Meantime, the opposition of the French clergy is very unpleasant to the Emperor. The priests have helped him so much for the consolidation of his despotism that he is not willing to give up their alliance. He took the opportunity of a visit to Bordeaux to give an opinion on the Roman question, in reply to the Archbishop of that place; but his reply will be found very unsatisfactory by all parties: he asserts in it that the temporal power of the Pope is not inconsistent with the liberty and the independence of Italy, and says that the government which has reinstated the Holy Father on the throne can only give him counsels inspired by a respectful and sincere devotion to his interests; but, at the same time, he gives to understand that those counsels must be followed—that the French occupation in Rome, which has now lasted ten years, cannot last forever—and that he is preoccupied with this question: "When the French army retires, what will it leave behind? anarchy, terror or peace?" To this the Pope will make no reply, nor will he grant any reforms; his policy is fixed: "*sint ut sint, and not sint.*" The temporal power will fall with him, or remain with him what it always has been. I know, from a very good source, that the Pope thinks of flying away from Rome and the *respectful guardianship* of the French army. He has now, whenever he goes out, a guard of honor of two battalions; a regiment has been sent with him to his country place, Castel-Gaudolfo; he is a prisoner, and is not allowed to accept the hospitality offered to him by the young King of Naples. Will he, as he did in 1848, outwit the French ambassador, and escape, notwithstanding all the efforts of General de Goyon? We shall soon know.

In my opinion, the only good solution of all these Italian difficulties would be a revolution in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Such a revolution will very likely never be made by the Neapolitan people, the lowest mob in the world; but, in case the Neapolitan army should be sent, with the small pontifical forces, and the forces of the Duke of Modena, against the army of Garibaldi and Fanti, which seems a very likely eventuality, it would not be very astonishing if a part, at least, of the Neapolitan regiments would refuse to fight against brother Italians and rebel against their own government, as General Jepe did in 1848. In such a case, the accession of a part of the Neapolitan army (a very good one, in a military point of view) would give an enormous force to the army of Central Italy; and, it being well understood that the French and Austrians will not interfere in all this, I do not see what could come across the Italian movement. It is, indeed, a wonder that, till now, half the peninsula has taken no part in it—that the great kingdom of Naples has not sent one soldier to the battle-fields of Italian liberty. This, no doubt, was owing partly to Piedmont, who wanted the *lead*; partly to France, who had a treaty with Piedmont, and none with the King Ferdinand; but now, all Italians must unite; they ought no more to think of foreign alliances. *L'Italia fara da se*, must be their motto; and if they keep faithful to this device, they will win their object much better than by putting themselves under the patronage of French despots, or of English newspapers.

* This letter has been delayed two weeks for want of room. It has not lost its interest, however.—*Editor*

TWENTY-FOURTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,

AND

NATIONAL BAZAAR.

The Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in Concert Hall, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

Sarah Pugh,	Emily W. Taylor,
Anna M. Child,	Evelina Supplee,
Maria M. Davis,	Emma Parker,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Martha Kimber,
Mary Grew,	Clementine G. John,
Sarah Pierce,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Huldah Justice,	Anna M Hopper,
Abby Kimber,	Elizabeth Gay,
Rachel Wilson,	Lydia Gillingham,
Lucretia Mott,	Janette Jackson,
Sarah C. Hallowell,	Margaretta Forten,
Martha A. Galvin,	Margaret A. Griscom,
Annie Shoemaker,	Gulielma M. Jones,
Ellen M. Child,	Sarah K. Gillingham,
Sarah A. McKim,	Agnes Crain,
Rebecca Plumly,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Lydia White,	Mary T. Stickney,
Margaret J. Burleigh,	Susan W. Shaw,
Rosanna Thompson,	Elizabeth Clendennon,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Maria Conklin,
Mary Shaw,	Sarah S. Child.

PERSONAL.

Sydney Howard Gay, of *The Tribune* editorial staff, is expected to return from a brief trip to Europe in the steamer Canada, due in Boston on or before Saturday.

Marius R. Robinson and Frances D. Gage spoke on slavery at Rochester, in Corinthian Hall, last Sunday. We have seen no account of their meetings.

The *Central Independent* (Utica) speaks of Mrs. Child as "the Quakeress." This is a mistake. Mrs. C., though able to appreciate the good qualities of every sect, belongs to none. There is, in truth, no sect in the world in which a soul free as hers could draw a full breath.

Mrs. Mary Brown, the wife of John Brown, is said to be in Philadelphia. Those who have seen her assure us that she bears her great affliction with a heroism kindred to that of her noble husband. It is proposed by some of their friends to raise the means necessary to place two of the daughters in Theodore D. Weld's School at Eagleswood.

Rev. Samuel J. May came home last week, after a visit of several months in Europe. He met a warm welcome from his friends in Syracuse. He has rendered valuable service to the anti-slavery cause in his intercourse with its friends on the other side of the water, and has returned to his native land at a moment when his counsels and labors are much needed.

The *Massachusetts Spy*, alluding to the story told by a Washington letter-writer, to the effect that the Hon. Charles Sumner is "about to resign his seat in the Senate, marry a wife, and take up his permanent residence in England," says:

"The fellow invented the story. He had no warrant for it. Mr. Sumner is now on his way home, and he will probably be in Boston before the close of the present week. He is in excellent health, and will take his seat in the Senate when Congress assembles."

Joshua R. Giddings, in passing through Syracuse on Saturday last, was astonished to find the dépôt crammed with people anxious to testify their respect and affection for him. His appearance was hailed with vociferous cheers. Mr. Giddings, in acknowledging the honor conferred by such a reception, said that the gentlemen down South who were in need of heads, or brains, and who advertised for him, could have his head when he got through with it, if they would hand over the $5,000 reward to the executors of his will.

The insanity of Gerrit Smith has touched the hearts of thousands—yea, hundreds of thousands—with sadness. That an intellect so fine and a heart so noble should be paralyzed by mental derangement is indeed cause for sorest lamentation. The calamity is due in part, doubtless, to hereditary tendency, in part to bodily illness, and partly to his deep sympathy for John Brown and his companions, and his keen sense of justice, wounded by the transcendent wickedness of slavery and the public indifference to its atrocities. "Oppression maketh a wise man mad." A Utica paper says:

"In the Asylum, Mr. Smith now occupies the room once tenanted by the Hon. John M. Niles, formerly United States Senator from the State of Connecticut. Soon after his admission, he refused to take an anodyne, alleging that the physicians only wanted to put him to sleep for the purpose of boxing him up and taking him to Virginia. When informed that he must take it, voluntarily or by compulsion, he opened the door and screamed (into the hall) "I protest!" He then took it quietly. It is said that it was only by a stratagem that his friends succeeded in getting him to Utica. For some days before the absolute necessity of restrictive measures became apparent he manifested a most nervous anxiety to anticipate the requisition which he expected would be made upon him, and to proceed to Virginia and surrender himself into the hands of the authorities. When it was resolved to place him under restraint, this anxiety was taken advantage of. His friends chimed in with this notion; and when he set out for Utica, he was under the impression that he was on his way to Richmond."

The Tribune of Thursday says:

"The host of personal friends of Gerrit Smith will rejoice to learn, from most credible authority, that Dr. Gray in Utica has given his family the encouragement to feel that the afflicted gentleman will be entirely restored to mental health. It is also his opinion that Mr. Smith's bodily health will be re-established. So prostrated was he when he arrived at Utica, that it was the opinion of his physicians that he would not have survived forty-eight hours longer, had he remained at his home."

A Personal Liberty Law—Voice of the People.—

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

IN MEMORY OF R. L.,

Who departed this life Nov. 15, 1857.

I WANDERED forth to-day, to feel
October's sweetness o'er me steal,
Where fading woodlands first begin
To let the glowing tinges in,
That, gently redd'ning, intervene
Mid Summer's all-pervading green.

It was on such an Autumn day
As this, now many year away
In Time's blue distance, that I trode
With thee, sweet friend, this selfsame road.
'Tis somewhat alter'd now, and sweeps
More widely thro' the wood's thick deeps:
Yet still distinctly marks for me,
Rebecca, where I walk'd with thee.

Our pathway was through rustling leaves,
Bright with the tints which Autumn weaves:
And in the year's impending "fall,"
We read the lot that waits for all.
We talk'd upon "the last of earth,"
The spirit's new and second birth,
Its dropping shell, its bursting wing,
Its life in an Immortal Spring.
Thou saidst that *thou* wouldst like to die
By sudden lightning from the sky;
Rising as 'twere on cloud of fire
Up to the heaven of thy desire.
Ah! friend! far other death was thine!
The long, long strife, the slow decline,
The torture deep that burn'd away,
By atoms, the poor anguish'd clay;
The fearful doom in distance shown,
Which none might stay, nor thou disown.
Yet *almost* beautiful, in thee,
Was Pain's severest mimistry:
From the hot fire thy soul look'd forth
(As conscious of its heav'nly worth)
With patient trust, that never swerved,
And hidden power, that seem'd reserved
To throw around thy day's last close
A strength, which up from weakness rose.
How mildly, thoughtfully, on all,
Thy little kindnesses would fall!
And when some sharp, quick pang would throw
O'er thy poor frame a quivering woe,
How soon did smiles that calm face light,
And meek words whisper—"'Tis all right!"
The latest hour I with thee pass'd,
(And little knew it was the last!),
I watch'd thy pale, thin fingers mould
From pliant wax, in curious fold,
One pure, white blossom: how could be
Thy hand's last work more like to thee?
And after that a few days fled,
Then came the tidings—"She is dead!"
They said, who saw thee in the hour
Of Earth's last pain, of Death's dread power,
That, as thou gently pass'd away
From thy environment of clay,
Over those silent features stole
A glorious beauty from the soul,
As if, triumphant and sublime,
Eternity were there, not Time.

And I am left, this morn to linger
On scenes thus touch'd by Memory's finger,
And to my inmost bosom press
Nature's o'erflowing loveliness,
Feeling, with joyful heart and mind,
That Heav'n, even in clouds, is kind.
O may the Great Eternal Will,
All fathomless (yet *trusted still!*),
One day, in mercy, grant to me
The dying calm it breath'd on thee!

Salem, N. J., Oct. 5, 1859. A. W. M.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XVI.

TOM HYNES was loafing on the stoop of the tavern in L——, chewing tobacco, betting on the probable result of some State or county election, and talking with his friends, the tavern keeper, the hog-drover and the race-rider; while in front of the house a lazy black ostler was holding a horse by the bridle, waiting anxiously, no doubt, for the sixpence which the rider was expected to throw to him. The little dirty-faced white boys were playing marbles in the sand, and a mulatto girl, ten years old, with a tin pail of water balanced upon her head, was walking past, singing, at the top of her voice and in a clear, musical tone,

"Oh, Susanah, don't you cry for me."

"That gal has got a voice, I tells you, as might make a forten," said Tom Hynes. "She ken jest run up an' down them scales equal to any bird. She can Do, re, mi as good as any singin'-school master. I'm a mind to make her stop a bit an' give us a tune. Here, Grace, stop a bit."

The girl ceased her song suddenly, and answered, in a rough tone,

"I kan't, Mister Hynes; I'se got to take this pail of water to mammy fur to cook white folks' dinner wid."

"D——n it, I say, stop this minnit, an' I'll give you sixpence."

The dinner was instantly forgotten, and the pail of water deposited on the ground, and Grace immediately began to sing, in a pathetic voice, "Way down on Swanee River."

There was something peculiarly fascinating and picturesque in the child's rendering of the song. To a fine, clear, natural voice she added an accurate ear for music and a dramatic power of expression which were perfectly unique and charming. She seemed literally to feel and act the song. When she had finished and stooped to pick up the money that had been thrown to her, Hynes called out,

"Give us Juba, an' I'll let you have another sixpence."

At this Grace began to sing in a low, muttering, bum-drum, but entirely musical tone,

"Juba here an' Juba dar,
An' Juba every whar,"

accompanying her voice, at the same time, by a slow, stately sort of foot-measure, more like a grand march than a lively dance, patting her breast and sides all the while; then, as the tune changed, she moved off into a live'y quick step, out of which, with accordant music, she bounded off into a smart, rapid country-dance, flinging herself into the wildest, most grotesque, but by no means ungraceful attitudes, winding up with a rapid shuffle, then gyrating, curvetting, wheeling round on alternate feet, in the most singular, agile and vivacious pirouettes imaginable, improvising, as she went along, a narrative song commemorating the exploits of "My old master," sung in an appropriate tune. For rapidity of motion, litheness and facility of limb, time and tune, and comicality of attitude, this negro dance excelled any *pas-de-seul* we ever witnessed upon the stage. Lola Montez's somewhat celebrated "Spider dance" was nothing to it. When fairly out of breath and borne down by the exertion, she stopped suddenly, and, looking at Hynes, said, in the most familiar tone,

"You oughter gib me a quarter-dollar fur dat, kase I'se done tired myself, an' mammy 'll beat me fur not comin' long wid de water."

"You thinks you ought to have a quarter? Well, now, you'se 'bout as sassy one as I'd wish to look at. I'm a stout mind to give you nothin'; but here's yer sixpence"; and he tossed it toward her. But Grace was nothing daunted; she picked up the coin, and, walking forward, with a bold expression, said,

"May be some of 'em oder gemmen what's settin' der an' bin a seein' me will gib somet'ing more."

"Well, I don't mind to give her a sixpence," said one, "fur I hain't seen anything equal to that; so here's fur yer."

Accordingly each one of the company gave her a six-penny piece. She felt quite rich, and, making a curtsey-ing sort of acknowledgment and thanking them for their kindness, she took up her pail of water and marched off with a quick step, towards home, which she was suddenly encountered by a stout-looking negro woman, with a leather strap in her hand.

"What's you bin a singin' at de tavern fur, dancin' an' cuttin' round fur a parcel of men, an' I waitin' in de kitchen fur dat ar pail o' water, afore I could put in de backen an' cabbage to bile fur de white folks' dinners. Oh, yes, yer wants to sing an' dance in front o' public houses does yer, yer black imp, an' be a-talkin' long o' white men, who had best be a tendin' dar own bisness? But I'll take de very hide off yer bones. No chile o' mine shall do dat ar way, if I ken fetch 'em up different." And here she brought her leather strap down on Grace's shoulders with the most unsparing severity, observing, however, the wise precaution to first set down the bucket of water. "Now, git yerself along brisk like or I'll tell mistress on yer, an' she'll make de old red cowhide walk on yer back. Best believe I ain't gwine to be a-foolin' 'long wid you dis sort o' way."

"Now, mammy, jist please don't beat me so, afore I tells you all 'bout it. Yer see, Mister Hynes say he would pay me if I'd sing him a song an' pat Juba, an so I done got de money an' bring it here to yer."

"What is de money? Gib it ter me. 'Tain't right, Grace, dat yer should be takin' money from Tom Hynes; I ain't gwine to hab you a-doin' so; jist gib it here to me." And, taking the money from Grace, she began to count it slowly over in her hands. "Yes, dis here 'll buy me a drap o' tea an' a little sugar fur Sunday mornin'. Grace, don't yer let me hear ob yer speakin' any more to Tom Hynes an' 'em men in front of de public-house; if yer does so again, I'll take de hide off yer. Now, 'member dat, an' don't take no more money from Tom Hynes."

"Well, that ar nigger is worth a pretty good sum o' money," said Hynes to his friends; "she's as smart an' slick a hand as I ever saw. Seems to me as it would be a good bargain fur Harrison. I'll tell him of her when he comes round buyin' up fur the next lot."

"How is niggers sellin' now?" inquired one of the men.

"Oh, patty fair, indeed; they run 'em up in Orleans last year to from sixteen hundred to two thousand a head fur a smart man. It's a mighty lucky bisness; all other sorts of trades seem to fluctuate, but that's very small difference in nigger-trading'. Now, that's Harrison: he begun the bisness a poor man. Why, ten years ago, when I fust knew him, he wasn't worth shucks, an' now he's got between sixty an' a hundred thousand dollars worth o' stock in different banks; he has tole me that he jist clars money like sand on niggers. He has a sharp eye at trade an' knows a sound nigger better 'an any o' yer doctors. You kan't begin to deceive him about 'em; he jist knows 'em same as a storekeeper knows a bit o' wash calico. 'Tain't no use a-talkin', it's the right sort o' bisness, an' I'm goin' into it as soon as I ken git enough scraped together to make a start. Harrison has hinted a little 'bout takin' me into partnership; an' if he makes me an offer, I'll take him up at the snap o' my finger."

As this conversation was going on, the negro ostler, who had been relieved of his duty of holding the traveller's horse, came up and seated himself upon the step of the stoop, not far from Tom Hynes and his group, and appeared to pay very evident attention to the conversation. Every now and then he would wipe the perspiration from his brow with his shirt sleeve. Though it was not a warm day, and he was not actively exercised, still large beads of perspiration were constantly gathering on his brow and sometimes rolling down his black face in sinices. There he sat, with his woolly head bent a little forward, and his ears drinking in every word of the conversation.

"Talkin' 'bout niggers," said the landlord, "put's me in mind o' what I hearn some one say t'other day—I doesn't know as I can jist now call to mind who it was tole me—that the new schoolmaster had bin a-sayin' as how he didn't believe in keepin' niggers in slavery, an' that thar seemed to be a kind o' dissatisfaction growin' up towards him in the town. I don't know as it is jist so; but, from the fust, I did not believe in that man; he was too smooth—always 'peared to me like, when I see him round, as a cat was mousing 'bout, huntin' for no good. At fust I thought we might have had him fur a boarder; he come here an' looked at a room an' sorter engaged it. He slept here two nights, but couldn't stay any longer because the young men drunk so hard; but I doesn't believe as that was the reason. He seemed pleased enough at fust. I tuck him a dollar cheaper than customary, fur he said he'd likely be permanent; but a mornin' after he come, one of the nigger wenches give some impedence to my wife, an' I jist thrashed her pretty roundly an' sorter bruised and blackened her eye a little. Well, that mornin', at breakfast, my Yankee turned jist as sick and white as a two year old baby at sight o' that wench's eye. Seein' him sorter squeamish, I asked him what's the matter; he looked toward the gal, then made one run from the table. I follered an' found him in the yard a-spewing and heavin' like a baby. I wanted to laugh, fur I never had seen a man behave so much like a gal afore; but I kept my face straight an' said: 'I'm sorry, Mr. Morton, that the wench has turned yer stomach; if I'd a-known you was so weakly, I'd not a let her come in to the table.' I offered him a drop o' brandy, thinkin' it would settle his sickness, but he shuck his head an' said it wasn't the sight so much as the idea what had been done to the woman; an' then he went on with some o' his meetin'-house talk; so I jist stopped it up by sayin' 'nobody was a comin' to my house, either as visitor or boarder, an' try to advise me 'bout my family arrangements; I controlled them things my own way'; and so I walked away an' left him to be sick over it. The next day he made some complaint 'bout two young men drinkin' the night afore, keepin' him awake an' sich stuff—said he had concluded to git more private board, paid his bill an' went away. I wasn't sorry either, I ken tell you."

"If he's one of 'em Abolitionists, I'd like to see him," said Tom Hynes. "I ken take the stiff out o' thar back bone, I ken tell yer. One of 'em kum up to me when I was in Indianny, and I shut him up at once. They's the meanest, sneakenist sort of folks, an' jist as 'fraid as a nigger—glib on the tongue, but skeery an' shimble-shamble as an old blind horse."

"But, then, he mustn't be allowed to go 'bout tamperin' with niggers, or he'll put notions in thar heads as 'll give trouble."

"I don't care," said Hynes, as he stretched out his legs and threw his arms above his head, "how many niggers he persuades off; 'twill be all the better for my bisness; I ken ketch all he starts."

"By the way," asked the landlord, "have you got any news from Andy Vitetor's woman?"

"Not yit; but I'll let 'at one lie in the grass awhile. I'm a-workin' my plans; an' afore anybody knows it, I'll pounce down upon her."

"Do you think Peter knew where she was?" asked the drover.

"No, I doesn't think that gal tole anybody whar she was a-goin'; an' its putty well settled in my mind that she hasn't yit got across the river. Thar's them on t'other side that works 'long with me in this bisness, an' the traps is all laid. She couldn't git by. I'll beat about little more in the woods 'bout here, an' I'll come out with her; she's hid somewhar, I'm sure."

The negro ostler here turned his face full upon Hynes, regarding him with that peculiar, wondering, anxious expression which, in the lower order of negroes, has struck us with such pity. There was no spirit in the glance, but a dead, cold eye that hoped nor asked for nothing, gazing out upon vacancy with a bleak glance, just the same asking look which we have noticed in the innocent submission of a lamb.

"Bill, kan't you find some work to attend to, an' not be idlin' round here, as if 'twas Sunday? Git yourself off to the stable or somewhar to work."

Thus addressed by the landlord, Bill, who knew no other law than that of obedience, betook himself to the kitchen, where he seated himself upon a stool and was soon engaged in a lively chat with the cook. The landlord did not care particularly for Bill's idleness; he only wished to get him out of the way of their conversation, which it was not altogether the most prudent to carry on in a slave's hearing.

Soon after Bill's withdrawal, the party received an addition in the person of Mr. John Sharpe, who looked very angry, swore very hard, and finally got Tom Hynes into a more private place and a private talk, in which they both grew very much excited, and Sharpe was noticed to make very threatening gestures.

SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.

The Virginia Plot, Sixty Years Ago.

From The Philadelphia Press.

ABOUT sixty years ago, it was discovered that in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, a plan had been devised by the colored people to spread slaughter and devastation among the whites. Three negroes had been seen by their masters riding out of his stable yard. This was sufficient to create alarm. On their return, the then absconding blacks were tried by the court of three planters. Though no direct evidence was adduced, yet enough was elicited to induce the belief that there had been an extensive combination formed for dreadful purposes. The Governor of Virginia offered the sum of $10 000, and the gentlemen of the city of Richmond $10 000 more, as a reward to any one who would give information of the head of the project, but no one was tempted to betray the secret.

A few days after the $20 000 reward was offered, a little African boy came into a grocery store, in Richmond, and asked for a quart of rum. The grocer asked him for whom he wanted it. He said for his uncle Gabriel.

That African, when twenty-one years of age, had asked his master how much he would take for him. His master replied, "Gabriel, no money would buy you." "But," said Gabriel, "should I buy myself?" "In that case," said the master, "I would take five hundred dollars for you." "Then I am ready to pay," said Gabriel. "Had I thought so," said the master, "I would not have made the offer—but, as I have said it, I will not draw back." Gabriel was manumitted. He then commenced learning the English language, and in a short time learned reading, writing and arithmetic. He was intelligent, sober and amiable. All people who knew him esteemed him highly. He was 25 years of age when the reward was offered.

Such was the man who sent his nephew for a jug of rum, which cost him his life. The grocer asked the boy where his uncle Gabriel was. He replied, in the Sally Ann, a vessel at the dock, just ready to sail for St. Domingo. The grocer told the boy to wait a little for his return. Notice was given to an officer, and Gabriel was apprehended, and then put upon his trial. He thought some one had been tempted by the great reward to betray him, and he confessed the whole. He said their plan was to fire the city at the end opposite the arsenal. Men were appointed to ring the fire-bells; and while the citizens were drawn off to extinguish the fire, they intended to seize the arsenal, rush into the city, and slaughter all indiscriminately, except a few young ladies, who were selected to be the wives of some of the leaders. All these measures Gabriel avowed as his own device. He said that his earliest thoughts were occupied by these plans—that he had traded and increased his stock to $500 at the age of twenty-one—that he had made himself acquainted with learning, with this sole object; that he had travelled expressly through the Southern States by night, riding down many horses, in preparing the Africans for his measures; and that he had formed, in caves and remote places, depôts for arms. He also told the Court that had not God interfered by a great rain, that so swelled a stream in the neighborhood of Richmond that his assembled band could not pass, they would not, at that day, be sitting as his judges.

"But," said the Court, "Gabriel, we all esteem you. You have not been thought cruel. How could you devise a scheme of such almost indiscriminate bloodshed?"

Gabriel coolly replied, "It is not that I delight in the shedding of the blood of men. But there is no other way of procuring our freedom. I love my nation. We have as good a right to be free from oppression as you had to be free from the tyranny of the king of England. I know my fate. You will take my life. I offer it willingly, as a martyr to liberty. My example will raise up a Gabriel, who will, Washington-like, lead on the Africans to freedom."

Gabriel was executed—dying without a murmur, cool, collected, in the faith that his death would not be in vain. These incidents are embodied in a song called "Gabriel's Defeat," and set to a tune of the same name, made also by a colored man. The writer of this has heard the tune in Virginia, where it was a favorite air in the dances of the white people; and it need not be added that the song was, and perhaps still is, popular among the colored population of the South.

The Charleston Insurrection—1822.

From The New Haven Journal and Courier.

One of the earliest plots discovered for an insurrection among the slaves of the Southern States was that of 1822, which was organized at Charleston, S. C., by a mulatto named Denmark Vezey. He was a man of shrewdness and tact, possessing a great influence over his agents, and a remarkable degree of energy. His plan was to murder the masters, seize the women, set fire to the city, and then take possession of the shipping in the harbor, and escape to St. Domingo. The plot was arranged and discussed in the religious and other meetings of the negroes, and one of the conspirators became conscience-stricken and disclosed the plot. A panic followed: the negroes were everywhere arrested, and some thirty or forty were tried, sentenced to death and executed.

[The *Journal of Commerce*, which of course tells the story in the interest of the slaveholders, says:]

The very name of the ringleader in the Charleston plot was made known to the Secretary of War, and some of the movements were pointed out. The ringleader of the plot bore the name of Denmark Vezey. He was a free mulatto, cunning, active, restless, and possessing a talent of influencing negroes, which he plied with great dexterity. The negroes, long indulged, held secret meetings, some of which were professedly religious, and the exhorters among them participated in them. They could not be said to complain of oppression (!!), for many of them were trusted and even petted servants in the households of their masters, carrying the keys, and enjoying the largest liberty compatible with their station; yet they devised one of the most diabolical plots of blood and murder that ever stained the annals of insurrection. The progress of their trial by a court of magistrates and freeholders was fearful and fruitful in the disclosures. It was in evidence that the plan was to murder the masters, appropriate the desirable females to their own brutish uses, burn the city, and, in the midst of the panic and conflagration, seize the ships in port, and push for the island of St. Domingo. One of the praying negroes, smitten probably by his conscience, for he had been greatly indulged in the pious and respectable family of his master, gave the clue to the conspiracy; and after a long and full trial, some thirty or forty were sentenced to death, which sentence was thoroughly carried into execution by hanging.

The Southampton (Va.) Insurrection—1831.

[The following account is from the Norfolk *Herald*, of a date soon after the occurrence of the events which it describes.]

NORFOLK, 24th August, 1831.—I have a horrible and heart-rending tale to relate, and, lest even its worst feature should be distorted by rumor and exaggeration, I have thought it proper to give you all and the worst information that has as yet reached us through the best sources of intelligence which the nature of the case will admit.

A gentleman arrived here yesterday express from Suffolk, with intelligence from the upper part of Southampton County, stating that a band of insurgent slaves (some of them believed to be runaways from the neighboring swamps) had turned out, on Sunday night last, and murdered several whole families, amounting to forty or fifty individuals. Some of the families were named, and among them was that of Mrs. Catherine Whitehead, sister of our worthy townsman, Dr. N. C. Whitehead, who, with her son and five daughters, fell a sacrifice to the savage ferocity of these demons in human shape.

The insurrection was represented as one of a most alarming character, though it is believed to have originated only in a design to plunder, and not with a view to a more important object, as Mrs. Whitehead, being a wealthy lady, was supposed to have had a large sum of money in her house. Unfortunately a large number of the effective male population was absent at a camp-meeting in Gates County, some miles off, a circumstance which gave a temporary security to the brigands in the perpetration of their butcheries, and the panic which they struck at the moment prevented the assembling of a force sufficient to check their career.

As soon as this intelligence was received, our authorities met, and decided on making an immediate application to Col. House, commanding at Fortress Monroe, who, at 6 o'clock this morning, embarked on board the steamer Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery, for Suffolk. These troops were reinforced in the Roads by detachments from the United States ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly three hundred men.

To day another express arrived from Suffolk, confirming the disastrous news of the preceding one, and adding still more to the number of the slain. The insurgents are believed to have from 100 to 150 mounted men, and about the same number on foot. They are armed with fowling pieces, clubs, &c., and have had a rencontre with a small number of the militia, who killed six and took eight of them prisoners. They are said to be on their way to South Quay, probably making their way for the Dismal Swamp, in which they will be able to remain for a short time in security. For my part, I have no fears of their doing much further mischief. There is very little disaffection in the slaves generally, and they cannot muster a force sufficient to effect any object of importance. The few who have thus rushed headlong into the arena will be shot down like crows, or captured and made examples of. The militia are collecting in all the neighboring counties, and the utmost vigilance prevails. I subjoin a list of the victims of their savage vengeance:

Mrs. Waters and family	14	Wm. Reese	4
Mrs. Whitehead	7	Mr. Williams	3
Mrs. Vaughan	5	Mr. Baines	2
Jacob Williams	5	Mrs. Turner	3
Mr. Travis	5	Uknown	10
Total			58

Besides these, a private letter adds the families of Mr. Barrow and Mr. Henry Bryant—numbers not mentioned.

Muskets, pistols, swords and ammunition have been forwarded to Suffolk to-day by Commodore Warrington, at the request of our civil authorities, and a number of our citizens have accoutred and formed themselves as a troop of cavalry, and set off to assist their fellow-citizens in Southampton. I trust the next news you will hear will be that all is quiet again.

Prompt and efficient measures were taken by the State and Federal troops to suppress the insurrection.

We gather from letters published in the Richmond *Whig* of the 29th ultimo the following statements: A letter from the senior editor of that paper, who is on the spot, states that the number of the insurrectionary negroes had been greatly exaggerated, but that it was hardly within the power of rumor itself to exaggerate their atrocities; whole families, father, mother, daughters, sons, sucking babes and school children, were butchered by them, thrown into heaps, and left to be devoured by hogs and dogs, or to putrify on the spot. At Mr. Levi Walter's, his wife and ten children were murdered; he himself was absent, but, approaching while the dreadful scene was acting, was pursued, and escaped with difficulty into a marsh. How or with whom the insurrection originated is not certainly known.

The prevalent belief is that, on Sunday, the 14th ult., at Barnes's church, near the Cross Keys, the negroes, who were observed to be disorderly, took offence at something, and that the plan was conceived and matured in the course of the week. At Mr. Weller's one child escaped from the ruthless fangs of these monsters by concealing herself in the fireplace, and another was found alive who was badly wounded and left for dead by them. He has accompanied his letter with a list of the killed, amounting to sixty-two, but it is not yet ascertained to be correct. He thinks the insurgents never exceeded sixty, and that twelve well-armed and resolute men were competent to have quelled them at any time.

Gen Eppes, who is in command of the troops, reports, under date of the 28th ult., that all the insurgents except Nat Turner, the leader, had either been taken or killed. On the 29th, General Broadnax reports to the Governor that all was quiet and free from visible marauders. He thinks all have been killed or taken except four or five. He states that Nat, the ringleader, who calls himself General, and pretends to be a Baptist preacher, declares to his comrades that he is commissioned by Jesus Christ, and proceeds under his inspired directions—that the late singular appearance of the sun was the sign for him. He is not taken, and the account of his being killed at the affair of the bridge is not correct. The General thinks "that there has existed no general concert among the slaves; circumstances, impossible to have been feigned, demonstrate the entire ignorance on the subject of all the slaves in the counties around Southampton, among whom he had never known more perfect order and quiet to prevail." He believes "that at any time twenty resolute men could have put them down."

He compliments, in terms of strong approbation, "the admirable conduct and spirit of the militia, who have everywhere turned out with the utmost promptitude, and given the most unquestionable evidence of their ability, instantly and effectually, to put down every such attempt." The families who had sought safety by flight had generally returned to their homes.

From The Evening Post, Nov. 3, 1859.

Lecture on Nat. Turner, by a former Slave.

REV. J. SELLA MARTIN, formerly a slave, lectured at Shiloh Church (colored), corner of Prince and Marion streets, last evening. He is a mulatto, dresses in black, and wears a Byron collar. He has a clear and distinct enunciation, and an easy flow of language.

The entire meeting was managed by colored people. A black man sold tickets outside, and a black man took them inside. A black man played the organ, giving, among others, the celebrated air *Stride la vampa*, from *Trovatore*. A black boy managed the organ-bellows, and as black a man as was ever mirrored in the Congo introduced the orator. The audience, of six to eight hundred, did not contain more than twenty or thirty white persons, the others being of all shades of color. Judging by the prices in Virginia before the Harper's Ferry insurrection, the audience would bring at least nine hundred thousand dollars, perhaps a million or more, in the slave shambles of that State.

Nat. Turner, the famous negro slave insurgent, was born in Southampton County, Virginia, October 2, 1800. His parents had said in his presence that God had raised him up for some great purpose, and this seems to have left a strong impression on his mind. The speaker did not admit, however, that Turner believed himself possessed of supernatural powers, but thought he gave out the idea to hold the slaves to his purpose. He knew that *Gulley Jack* had more influence over the imbruted slaves than reason. The speaker himself remembered that when he was a slave he was sent to another plantation temporarily, and as soon as he arrived the slaves crowded around him and asked him if Uncle John (an old slave who had the reputation of being a conjuror) had sent anything to drive off the overseer. They annoyed him so much that he finally fixed up a conjuration bag himself, and told them Uncle John had sent it. They placed it under the steps and performed certain unmeaning rites about it, and by chance, about three days afterwards, the overseer quarrelled with the master and was sent off. The slaves ascribed it entirely to the potent mixture which they supposed Uncle John had contrived. Turner availed himself of this superstition to incite insurrection.

The insurrectionary movement of Denmark Vezey at Charleston, in 1822, was discussed throughout the South, and Turner, with thousands of other slaves, heard of it; and it is probable this acted as a powerful stimulus to Turner's latent plans.

Turner was a man of principle. He would not steal, and enjoyed the confidence of his master for honesty. He would get under the school-house and learn the lessons given to the children over his head. He cultivated the friendship of the poor whites, who thought much of him. On one occasion he formed a plan to raise the negroes, and was to have a meeting in a ravine. Just as his men were assembling, it was whispered in his ear that a slave had betrayed the plan to some poor whites, who were watching them. Turner, as soon as his men were assembled, told them they came supposing the meeting related to themselves; but such was not the case. He had told them so because it was the only way to get them together. But the truth was, he said, he called them together to see what was to be done for the poor white men. The slaveholders had declared their intention of driving them away. One master had ordered a man to shoot all of Mr. Jones's pigs; another had ordered a man to tear down Mr. Johnson's fences, &c., &c. The whites listened a time, and went off convinced there was no intention of insurrection. Turner planned an insurrection in North Carolina, and was betrayed; but by an ingenious plan warded off suspicion.

On one occasion his master found him drawing a map of Southampton County on the rear of the barn. He had lampblack, lime, &c., and had traced a correct map. "What are you doing?" asked the master, in alarm. "Oh, nothing, massa," replied Nat, "I was only thinking of Mr. Francis, and whether if I was blind I could find his house."

Turner took but few into his confidence, in the insurrection of Southampton County, which he effected in 1831. The speaker briefly traced the history of that movement, which spread terror throughout the South. Turner was the leader and soul of the enterprise, and the speaker ranked his efforts among the bravest and best in history. He was at last captured in the mountains, and did not deny his part in the affair, but asserted the right and justice of his actions. He was tried, condemned and executed. John Brown was the next insurrectionary hero, and was about to offer up his life, as Turner had done before him. He hoped the next attempt, by whomsoever made, would be more successful.

Slave Insurrection in Boston.

When General Gage was in command of the British troops in Massachusetts before the Revolution, there was an attempt made by one of the English officers to excite the few slaves in Boston against their masters. The offender was Capt. John Wilson of the fifty-ninth regiment. He assured the slaves that the foreign troops had come to procure their freedom, and that "with their assistance, they should be able to drive the Liberty Boys to the Devil." In October, 1768, the Selectmen of the town made a complaint against Capt. Willson, and he was arrested. The evidence against him was so strong that he was bound over for trial. By the influence of British officials, however, the indictment was quashed, and Willson fled, deeming it unsafe to remain in Boston. At this time there were only about eight hundred colored persons in Boston, of which number 300 were females. From 1750 to the revolution, the number of slaves decreased quite rapidly. There were nearly two hundred more slaves in 1754 than there were colored persons in Boston ten years later.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

"The following is the text of the allocution of the Pope, delivered at the Consistory of the 26th ult."

In June, my dear brethren, with heart full of grief,
We cursed, you remember, each infidel thief
Who was trying to grab at Ravenna, Bologna,
And other domains of which we are the owner:
We told the assassins they'd made a great mull, for
Their Present was sin and their Future was sulphur.

This kindly remonstrance we hoped would succeed,
For they knew that we loved them most dearly, indeed,
And 'twas only in love, if we shortened their lives,
And sent Switzers to finish their babies and wives;
But they mocked at our gentleness, sweetness and patience,
And now the base demons have prigged the Legations.

They turn out our spies, and they empty our jails,
(And of tortures therein tell indelicate tales),
Our mendicant monks they revile and abuse,
And brutally bid them to wash and wear shoes;
And the Odor of Sanctity, martyrdom's wealth,
They say is a case for their vile Board of Health.

They publish most blasphemous books, too; in one
They dare to assert the earth goes round the sun;
And as for our miracles, think how they hate 'em
When they say Januarius's blood is pomatum,
Consign Weeping Pictures to brokers or cupboard,
And swear that no statue of saint ever blubbered.

The wretches, the monsters! But, brethren, we find
Much comfort in bearing this fact in our mind—
The parties who've kicked us from out each Legation
Are only the folks who have bad education;
The low, and the dull, and the poor, and the mean,
Are as fond of their Pope as they ever have been.

And now, my dear brethren, if cursing would do,
We'd blaze at the beggars till all things were blue;
But the ears of the wicked, to verbal attacks
Are judicially bunged up with infidel wax,
And the grim Garibaldi would prove contumacious,
Though rose up to curse him the blest Athanasius.

However, one final appeal to the world,
One curse on the flag by our subjects unfurled.
We declare the Legations our own, and *non detur*
To mortal to alter the will of Saint Peter;
And we hereby denounce to the world, and all time,
Each Romagnese act as a horrible crime.

Let the infidels, heretics, traitors and knaves
Have no peace in their lives and no rest in their graves:
The dungeon, and scaffold, the steel or the rope,
Shall teach them to wrong their affectionate Pope;
Fire famine and slaughter consume them away,
Till Beelzebub collars the last. Let us pray.

—*Punch.*

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE ON THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.

[On Sunday, Nov. 6th, the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston and Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, preached a discourse upon the "Causes and Consequences of the Affair at Harper's Ferry," from the text, "And Herod feared John, knowing he was a just man." The extracts which follow comprise the larger part of the sermon.]

I KNOW that an attempt has been made to ascribe this event to the teachings of the Anti-Slavery party in this country. Well! they *are* the cause of it—in one sense—just as Samuel Adams and Josiah Quincy, James Otis and their companions were the cause of the bloodshed at Lexington and Bunker's Hill—and just as the preaching of Christianity was the cause of religious wars which followed. Whoever opposes tyranny and wrong in any shape, with words, will cause a conflict of deeds to follow. Jesus said, "*I came not to send peace, but a sword.*" He knew that his teachings would not be peaceably accepted—would be resisted, and that bloodshed would follow. But where rests the responsibility? Not on Jesus, though his gospel has been the occasion of war—not on James Otis and Patrick Henry, though their words were the occasion of war—not on those who oppose evil—but on those who maintain and defend it; therefore, not on anti-slavery teaching, but on pro-slavery teaching—North and South the men and newspapers in Washington and Boston who unite with the oppressors to put down freedom and quench its light in the blood of its advocates.

1. The first cause of this sad affair is SLAVERY itself.

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2. The second cause of this affair is false conservatism at the North.

It is not with the purpose of retaliating charges made against anti-slavery men, but to express a conviction I have held for years, that I say, that if the dark problem of slavery finds a bloody solution, that blood will cry from the ground against those who, for years, have been steadily laboring at the North to let down the sentiment of freedom—the traitors at home who have given moral aid and comfort to the Slave Power. Had it not been for these, we should have resisted successfully the annexation of Texas, or passed the Wilmot Proviso, defeated the Fugitive Slave law, or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Slave Power, defeated on these points, would have ceased from its aggressions—the lovers of freedom at the South would have been encouraged—the border States would have been led to take measures for emancipation. Gradually, peacefully and joyfully the cause of freedom would have grown strong, that of slavery weak—until at last, surrounded by the hosts of free labor, by emigrants from the North—by invading light and advancing religion—hemmed by all this illumination and warmth, like the scorpion girt with fire, it would have turned its sting against itself—

"The sting it nurtured for its foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and ends all pain."

But, as if on a steamer, running at high pressure, men should be frightened at the noise made by escaping steam and so shut down the safety-valve and call the silence safety, so, with us, these quietists, thinking all danger to arise from noisy anti-slavery people at the North, try to stop that noise. They think the danger, not from slavery, but from talking about it; and so are themselves the cause of the evil they try to shun.

3. The third cause of this Harper's Ferry tragedy is to be found in the low condition of the religion of the country.

In such a conflict as that between slavery and freedom, Christianity, embodied in Christian men and women, should have come forward to speak the truth in love. Holding fast on to the Eternal Law of God, rising high above all considerations of mere expediency, it should declare God's word supreme—above all politics, all legal enactments, all State necessity. Man made in the image of God cannot be the slave of his brother man. Proclaiming this, it should also have uttered it in love; with sympathy for the slaveholder as well as the slave; with perception of his difficult and dangerous position; of his strong temptations, and an earnest desire to aid him by common sacrifices.

Unfortunately, nothing of this has been done. On the one side the supremacy of God's Law has not been maintained, but we have been taught from a thousand pulpits that man's lower law must be obeyed and not the law of conscience; on the other hand, when the truth has been uttered, it has not been always uttered in love to the slaveholder, but often in bitterness, sarcasm and contempt.

The opposers of slavery have opposed it more in the spirit of invasion than in that of Christianity—with fierce rebuke, with wild invective; and at last, as in the present instance, with the sword and rifle.

John Brown has been taught Christianity by a Church which, binding up in one volume the Old and New Testament, calls them both the Christian Bible, and gives equal authenticity to the one as to the other. He is an Old Testament Christian; a Christian who believes in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Bred a Calvinist of the strictest sect in Connecticut, and holding firmly to his faith, he shares all the great and noble qualities that faith has so often produced, together with its frequent alloy. He is such a man as Calvinism produced in the Scotch Covenanters, in the men of Cromwell's ironside regiment, who did not do the work of the Lord negligently at Moseley and at Worcester. To this is added a touch of chivalric devotion and inspired enthusiasm, such as nerved the arm of the Maid of Orleans and of Charlotte Corday.

Let me give you an authentic anecdote of his strict and impartial sense of justice. Some years ago, when living in Western Pennsylvania, or on the Ohio reserve, he found a man whom he believed a horse-thief. He arrested him, and took him to jail. The man was convicted and sent to prison. But while he was in prison John Brown furnished the man's family with provision and clothing. The man had committed a crime, and Brown's sense of justice required that he should be punished. His wife and children had not; and Brown's sense of justice would not allow them to be punished for another's fault. The man who told this story to my brother-in-law is now Deputy Sheriff in Crawford County, and was at that time a boy in Brown's family, and was himself sent to town to buy flour, &c., and carry it to the house of the convict.

These three causes will produce the like effects again, only more terrible, unless some help comes from God's Providence and man's fidelity.

Let us see if such help is likely to come. What will be the consequences of this affair?

I have heard it said that there will be no marked result from this event; that the waves will close over the head of this misguided but honored champion of the forlorn, and that in six months the world will scarcely remember him or his actions.

I cannot think so. To me this event seems freighted with consequences. It is like the clock, striking the fatal hour—the hour of the beginning of a new era in this conflict. There is something solemn, something ominous in this transaction. See, while we are talking, arguing, making speeches, having anti-slavery fairs and anti-slavery pic-nics, this old man, with his sons, taking his life and their lives, and going calmly forward to strike a blow at the heart of this system. You may call it madness, insanity—what you will—but it is the madness of Curtius, leaping into the gulf which yawned in the forum; the insanity of the Roman Consul, who, dedicating himself to the infernal gods, plunged alone and in full armor into the ranks of the enemy, as a sacrifice for his nation. It is the madness of Arnold of Winkleried, gathering into his bosom the sheaf of spears—the madness of the three hundred who went to die at Thermopylæ—of the six hundred who rode into the Jaws of Hell, to perish in vain, because it was their duty to do and die. It is a kind of insanity of which a few specimens are scattered along the course of the human race—and who never they are found, they make the glory of human nature, and give us more faith in God and man. Such men die, but their act lives forever—

"Their memory wraps the dusky mountain,
Their spirit sparkles in the fountain,
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls, mingling with their fame forever."

You can't get away from it. Call it fanaticism, folly, madness, wickedness—it rises before you, stiff